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THE
Tea-Table
MISCELLANY.

Behold, and liſten, while the Fair
Breaks in ſweet Sounds the willing Air;
And, with her own Breath, fans the Fire
Which her bright Eyes do firſt inſpire:
What Reaſon can that Love controul,
Which more than one Way courts the Soul?

E. Waller

EDINBURGH:
Printed by Mr. THOMAS RUDDIMAN,
for ALLAN RAMSAY, at the *Mercury*,
oppoſite to the Croſs-Well, 1724.

TO

Ilka lovely Britiſh *Laſs,*
Frae Ladys Charlote, Anne, *and* Jean,
Down to ilk bonny ſinging Beſs,
Wha dances bareſoot on the Green;

DEAR LASSES,
Your moſt humble Slave,
Wha ne'er to ſerve ye ſhall decline;
Kneeling wad your Acceptance crave,
When he preſents this ſma' Propine.

THEN take it kindly to your Care,
Revive it with your tuneful' Notes:
Its Beauties will look ſweet and fair,
Ariſing faſtly through your Throats.

THE Wanton wee Thing will rejoice,
When tented by a ſparkling Eye,
The Spinnet tinkling with her Voice,
It lying on her lovely Knee.

WHILE Kettles dringe on Ingles dure,
Or Claſhes ſtays the lazy Laſs,
Their Sangs may ward you frae the ſowr,
And gayly vacant Minutes paſs.

E'EN while the Tea's fill'd rocking round,
Rather than plot a tender Tongue,
Treat a' the circling Lugs wi' Sound,
Syne ſafely ſip when ye have ſung.

MAY Happineſs had up your Hearts,
And warm ye lang with loving Fires,
May Powers propitious play their Parts
In matching you to your Deſires.

Edinr. *January*
1. 1724.

A. RAMSAY.

Bonny

Bony *Chriſty.*

HOW ſweetly ſmells the Simmer green?
Sweet taſte the Peach and Cherry;
Painting and Order pleaſe our Een,
And Claret makes us merry:
But fineſt Colours, Fruits and Flowers,
And Wine, tho' I be thirſty,
Loſe a' their Charms and weaker Powers,
Compar'd with thoſe of *Chriſty*.

WHEN wandring o'er the flowry Park,
No nat'ral Beauty wanting;
How lightſome is't to hear the Lark,
And Birds in Conſort chanting:

But if my *Chriſty* tunes her Voice,
I'm rap't in Admiration,
My Thoughts with Extaſies rejoice,
And drap the hale Creation.

When e'er ſhe ſmiles a kindly Glance,
I take the happy Omen,
And aften mint to make Advance,
Hoping ſhe'll prove a Woman:
But dubious of my ain Deſert,
Me Sentiments I ſmother
With ſecret Sighs I vex my Heart,
For Fear ſhe love another.

Thus ſang blate *Edie* by a Burn,
His *Chriſty* did o'erhear him,
She doughtna let her Lover mourn,
But e'er he wiſt drew near him.
She ſpake her Favour with a Look,
Which left nae Room to doubt her,
He wiſely this white Minute took,
And flang his Arms about her.

My

My *Chriſty!* —— witneſs, bony Streams,
Sic Joys frae Tears ariſing,
I wiſh this may na be a Dream;
O Love the maiſt ſurpriſing!
Time was too precious now for Tauk,
This Point of a' his Wiſhes,
He wadna with ſet Speeches bauk,
But wair'd it a' on Kiſſes.

The Buſh aboon Traquhair.

HEAR me, ye Nymphs, and every Swain,
I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me,
Tho' thus I languiſh, thus complain,
Alas, ſhe ne'er believes me.

My Vows and Sighs, like ſilent Air,
Unheeded never move her;
At the bony Buſh aboon *Traquair*,
'Twas there I firſt did love her.

THAT Day ſhe ſmil'd, and made me glad,
No Maid ſeem'd ever kinder,
I thought my ſelf the luckieſt Lad,
So ſweetly there to find her.

I try'd to ſooth my am'rous Flame,
In Words that I thought tender,
If more there paſs'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

YET now ſhe ſcornful flies the Plain,
The Fields we then frequented,
If e'er we meet, ſhe ſhews Diſdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.

The bony Buſh bloom'd fair in *May*,
Its Sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her Frowns make it decay,
It fades, as in *December*.

YE rural Powers, who hear my Strains,
Why thus ſhould *Peggy* grieve?
Oh! make her Partner in my Pains,
Then let her Smiles relieve me.
If not, my Love will turn Deſpair,
My Paſſion no more tender;
I'll leave the Buſh aboon *Traquair*,
To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

C.

An ODE

To the Tune of Polwarth *on the Green.*

THo Beauty, like the Roſe
That ſmiles on *Polwarth* Green,
In various Colours ſhows,
As 'tis by Fancy ſeen:

Yet all its different Glories ly
United in thy Face,
And Virtue, like the Sun on high,
Gives Rays to ev'ry Grace.

So charming is her Air,
So ſmooth, ſo calm her Mind,
That to ſome Angel's Care
Each Motion ſeems aſſign'd:
But yet ſo chearful, ſprightly, gay,
The joyful Moments fly,
As if for Wings they ſtole the Ray
She darteth from her Eye.

Kind am'rous Cupids, while
With tuneful Voice ſhe ſings,
Perfume her Breath and ſmile,
And wave their balmy Wings:
But as the tender Bluſhes riſe,
Soft Innocence doth warm,
The Soul in bliſsful Extaſies
Diſſolveth in the Charm.

Tweed-Side.

WHAT Beauties does *Flora* diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her Smiles upon *Tweed?*
Yet *Mary*'s ſtill ſweeter than thoſe,
Both Nature and Fancy exceed.
Nor Daiſie, nor ſweet bluſhing Roſe,
Not all the gay Flowers of the Field,
Not *Tweed* gliding gently thro' thoſe,
Such Beauty and Pleaſure does yield.

THE Warblers are heard in the Grove,
The Linnet, the Lark and the Thruſh,
The Black-bird, and ſweet cooing Dove,
With Muſick enchant ev'ry Buſh.
Come let us go forth to the Mead,
Let us ſee how the Primroſes ſpring,
We'll lodge in ſome Village on *Tweed*,
And love while the feather'd Folks ſing.

How does my love paſs the long Day?
Does *Mary* not tend a few Sheep?
Do they never carelefly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lyes aſleep?
Tweed's Murmures ſhould lull her to Reſt,
Kind Nature indulging my Bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft Pains of my Breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial Kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the Virgins excell,
No Beauty with her may compare,
Love's Graces all round her do dwell,
She's faireſt, where Thouſands are fair.
Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at Noon where they feed;
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding *Tay*,
Or the pleaſanter Banks of the *Tweed*.

SONG.

To the Tune of, *We't my Heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

IS *Hamilla* then my own,
O the Dear, the charming Treaſure!
Fortune now in vain ſhall frown,
All my future Life is Pleaſure.

SEE how rich with youthful Grace,
Beauty warms her ev'ry Feature;
Smiling Heaven is in her Face,
All is gay, and all is Nature.

SEE what mingling Charms ariſe,
Roſy Smiles and kindling Bluſhes;
Love ſits laughing in her Eyes,
And betrays her ſecret Wiſhes.

HASTE

HASTE then from th' *Idalian* Grove,
Infant Smiles, and Sports, and Graces,
Spread the downy Couch for Love,
And lull us in your ſweet Embraces.

SOFTEST Raptures, pure from Noiſe,
This fair happy Night ſurround us,
While a Thouſand ſprightly Joys
Silent flutter all around us.

THUS unſowr'd with Care or Strife,
Heaven ſtill guard this deareſt Bleſſing,
While we tread the Path of Life,
Loving ſtill, and ſtill poſſeſſing,

S.

A SONG.

LET's be jovial, fill our Glaſſes,
Madneſs 'tis for us to think,
How the World is rul'd by Aſſes,
And the Wiſe are ſway'd by Chink.
Fal la ra, &c.

THEN never let vain Cares oppreſs us,
Riches are to them a Snare,
We're ev'ry one as rich as *Craſus*,
While our Bottle drowns our Care.
Fa la ra, &c.

WINE will make us red as Roſes,
And our Sorrows quite forget,
Come let us fuddle all our Noſes,
Drink ourſelves quite out of Debt.
Fa la ra, &c.

WHEN grim Death comes looking for us,
We are topping at our Bowls,
Bacchus joining in the *Chorus*;
Death, begone, here's none but Souls.
Fa la ra, &c.

GODLIKE *Bachus* thus commanding,
Trembling Death away ſhall fly,
Ever after underſtanding
Drinking Souls can never dy.
Fa la ra, &c.

Muirland Willie.

HArken and I will tell you how
Young Muirland *Willie* came to woo,
Tho he cou'd neither ſay nor do;
The Truth I tell to you.
But ay he cries, What e'er betide,
Maggy I'ſe ha'e her to be my Bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his Gray Yad as he did ride,
With Durk and Piſtol by his Side,
He prick'd her on wi' mikle Pride,
Wi' mikle Mirth and Glee.
Out o'er yon Moſs, out o'er yon Muir,
Till he came to her Dady's Door,
With a fal dal, &c.

GOODMAN, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,
I care no for making meikle Din,
What Anſwer gi' ye me?
Now, Woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
I'ſe gie ye my Doghter's Love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, Woer, ſin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what Town?
I think my Doghter winna gloom
On ſick a Lad as ye.
The Woer he ſtep'd up the Houſe,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouſe,
With a fal, &c.

I have three Owſen in a Plough,
Twa good ga'n Yads, and Gear enough,
The Place they ca' it *Cadeneugh*;
I ſcorn to tell a Lie:
Beſides, I had frae the great Laird,
A Peat-Pat and a Lang-kail Yard,
With a fal, &c.

THE

THE Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,
She was the braweſt in a' the Town;
I wat on him ſhe did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The Lover he ſtended up in Haſte,
And gript her hard about the Waſte,
With a fal, &c.

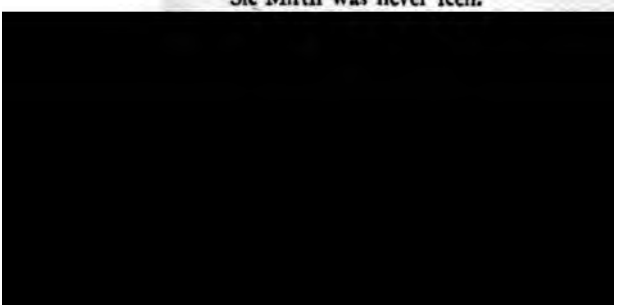
TO win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' Gear,
And for my ſell ye need na fear,
Troth try me whan ye like.
He took aff his Bonnet and ſpat in his Chew,
He dighted his Gab, and he pri'd her Mou'.
With a fal, &c.

THE Maiden bluſht and bing'd fu' law,
She had na Will to ſay him na,
But to her Dady ſhe left it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.
The Lover he ga'e her the tither Kiſs,
Syne ran to her Dady and tell'd him this,
With a fal, &c.

Your Doghter wad na ſay me na,
But to your ſell ſhe has left it a',
As we cou'd gree between us twa,
Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her?
Now, Woer, quo' he, I ha'e nae meikle,
But ſick's I ha'e ye's get a Pickle,
With a fal, &c.

A Kilnfu' of Corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky,
Ye's ha'e the Wadding Dinner free,
Troth I dow do na mair.
Content, quo' he, a Bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, make haſte let's do't,
With a fal, &c.

The Bridal Day it came to paſs,
Wi' mony a blythſome Lad and Laſs;
But ſicken a Day there never was,
Sic Mirth was never ſeen.



And our Bride's Maidens were na few,
Wi' Tap-knots, Lug-knots a' in blew,
Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new,
And blinked bonnilie.
Their Toys and Mutches were ſae clean,
They glanced in our Ladſes Een,
With a fal, &c.

Sick Hirdum, Dirdum, and ſick Din
Wi' he o'er her and ſhe o'er him,
The Minſtrels they did never blin,
Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.
And ay they bobit and ay they beckt,
And ay their Wames together met,
With a fal, &c.

The promis'd Joy.

To the Tune of *Carle and the King come.*

When we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our Pain,
And Loſs riſe in Gain, Phely.

Long the Sport of Fortune driv'n,
To Deſpair our Thoughts were giv'n,
But when Hell is turn'd to Heav'n,
Our Odds will all be ev'n, *Phely.*
When we meet again, Phely, *&c.*

Now in dreary diſtant Groves,
Tho we moan like Turtle-Doves,
Suffering beſt our Virtue proves,
And will enhance our Loves, *Phely.*
When we meet again, Phely, *&c.*

Joy

Joy will come in a Surpriſe,
'Till its happy Hour ariſe,
Temper well your love-ſick Sighs,
For Hope becomes the Wiſe, *Phely*.
When we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again Phely,
Raptures will reward our Pain,
And Loſs reſult in Gain, Phely.

M.

To DELIA on her drawing him to her Valantine.

To the Tune of *Black Ey'd* Suſan.

YE Powers! was *Damon* then ſo bleſt
To fall to charming *Delia*'s Share,
Delia, the beauteous Maid, poſſeſt
Of all that's ſoft and all that's fair?
Here ceaſe thy Bounty, O indulgent Heav'n,
I ask no more, for all my Wiſh is given.

I came, and *Delia* ſmiling ſhow'd;
She ſmild and ſhowd the happy Name;
With riſing Joy my Heart o'erflow'd,
I felt and bleſt the new born Flame.
May ſofteſt Pleaſures ceaſeleſs round her move,
May all her Nights be Joy, and Days be Love.

Sure drew the Treaſure from her Breaſt,
That Breaſt where Love and Graces play,
O Name beyond Expreſſion bleſt!
Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.
To be ſo lodg'd! the Thought is Extaſy,
Who would not wiſh in Paradiſe to ly?

R.

The faithful Shepherd.

To the Tune of *Auld lang ſyne.*

WHEN Flow'ry Meadows deck the Year,
And ſporting Lambkins play,
When ſpangl'd Fields renewd appear,
And Muſick wak'd the Day;
Then did my *Chloe* leave her Bower,
To hear my am'rous Lay,
Warm'd by my Love, ſhe vow'd no Power
Shou'd lead her Heart aſtray.

THE warbling Quires from ev'ry Bough
Surround our Couch in Throngs,
And all their tuneful Art beſtow,
To give us Change of Songs;
Scenes of Delight my Soul poſſeſs'd,
I bleſs'd, then hug'd my Maid;
I rob'd the Kiſſes from her Breaſt,
Sweet as a Noon-day's Shade.

Joy ſo tranſporting never fails
To fly away as Air,
Another Swain with her prevails,
To be as falſe as fair.
What can my fatal Paſſion cure?
I'll never woo again,
All her Diſdain I muſt endure,
Adoring her in vain.

O.

What Pity 'tis to hear the Boy
Thus ſighing with his Pain;
But Time and Scorn may give him Joy
To hear her ſigh again.
Ah! fickle *Clio*, be adviſ'd,
Do not thy ſelf beguile,
A faithful Lover ſhould be priz'd,
Then cure him with a Smile.

To Mrs. S. H. *on her taking ſomething ill I ſaid.*

To the Tune of *Hallow Fen.*

WHy hangs that Cloud upon thy Brow?
That beauteous Heav'n ere while ſerene:
Whence do theſe Storms and Tempeſts flow,
Or what this Guſt of Paſſion mean.
And muſt then Mankind loſe that Light,
Which in thine Eyes was wont to ſhine,
And ly obſcur'd in endleſs Night,
For each poor ſilly Speech of myne?

DEAR Child how can I wrong thy Name,
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all Hands,
That could ill Tongues abuſe thy Fame,
Thy Beauty can make large amends.
Or if I durſt profanely try,
Thy Beauty's pow'rful Charms t'upbraid,
Thy Virtue well might give the Lie,
Nor call thy Beauty to its Aid.

For

For *Venus* every Heart t' enſnare,
With all her Charms has deckt thy Face,
And *Pallas* with unuſual Care,
Bids Wiſdom heighten every Grace.
Who can the double Pain endure?
Or who muſt not reſign the Field
To thee, Celeſtial Maid, ſecure
With *Cupid*'s Bow and *Pallas*' Sheild?

If then to thee ſuch Power is giv'n,
Let not a Wretch in Torment live,
But ſmile and learn to copy Heav'n,
Since we muſt ſin ere it forgive.
Yet pitying Heaven not only does
Forgive th' Offender and th' Offence,
But even itſelf appeas'd beſtows
As the Reward of Penitence.

H.

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

HOw blyth ilk Morn was I to ſee
The Swain come o'er the Hill?
He skipt the Burn, and flew to me;
I met him with good Will.
O the Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom,
The Broom of Cowdenknows;
I wiſh I were with my dear Swain,
With his Pipe and my Ews.
I neither wanted Ew nor Lamb,
While his Flock near me lay;
He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,
And chear'd me a' the Day.
O the Broom, &c.
He tun'd his Pipe and Reed ſae ſweet,
The Burds ſtood liſtning by;
Even the dull Cattle ſtood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his Melody.
O the Broom, &c.

WHILE thus we ſpent our Time by Turns,
Betwixt our Flocks and Play;
I envy'd not the faireſt Dame,
Tho' ne'er ſae rich and gay.
O the Broom, &c.

HARD Fate that I ſhou'd baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt Swain
That ever yet was born.
O the Broom, &c.

HE did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
Cou'd I but faithfu' be?
He ſtaw my Heart, cou'd I refuſe
What e'er he ask'd of me?
O the Broom, &c.

MY Doggie and my little Kit
That held my wee Soup Whey,
My Plaidy, Broach and crooked Stick,
May now ly uſeleſs by.
O the Broom, &c.

ADIEU

ADIEU, ye *Cowdenknows*, adieu,
Farewel a' Pleaſures there,
Ye Gods reſtore to me my Swain,
Is a' I crave or care.
O *the Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom,*
The Broom of Cowdenknows;
I wiſh I were with my dear Swain,
With his Pipe and my Ews.

S. R.

To CHLOE.

To the Tune of, *I wiſh my Love were in a Mire.*

O Lovely Maid! How dear's thy Pow'r!
At once I love, at once adore;
With Wonder are my Thoughts poſſeſt,
While ſofteſt Love inſpires my Breaſt.

This tender Look, theſe Eyes of mine,
Confeſs their am'rous Maſter thine;
Theſe Eyes with *Strephon*'s Paſſion play,
Firſt make me love and then betray.

YES, charming Victor, I am thine,
Poor as it is, this Heart of mine
Was never in another's Pow'r,
Was never pierc'd by Love before.
In thee I've treaſur'd up my Joy,
Thou can'ſt give Bliſs, or Bliſs deſtroy;
And thus I've bound myſelf to love,
While Bliſs or Miſery can move.

O ſhould I ne'er poſſeſs thy Charms,
Ne'er meet my Comfort in thy Arms,
Were Hopes of dear Enjoyment gone,
Still would I love, love thee alone.
But like ſome diſcontented Shade,
That wanders where its Body's laid,
Mournful I'd roam with hollow Glare,
For ever exil'd from my Fair.

L.

Upon hearing his Picture was in CHLOE's *Breaſt.*

To the Tune of *The Fourteen of* October.

YE Gods! was *Strephon*'s Picture bleſt
With the fair Heaven of *Chloe*'s Breaſt?
Move ſofter, thou fond flutring Heart,
Oh gently throb, —— too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brighteſt of thy Kind,
For *Strephon* was the Bliſs deſign'd?
For *Strephon*'s Sake, dear charming Maid,
Didſt thou prefer his wond'ring Shade?

AND thou bleſt Shade, that ſweetly art
Lodg'd ſo near my *Chloe*'s Heart,
For me the tender Hour improve,
And ſoftly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful Thing! it ſcorns to hear
Its wretched Maſter's ardent Pray'r,
Ingroſſing all that beauteous Heaven,
That *Chloe*, lavish Maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee; were I Lord
Of all the Wealth thoſe Breaſts afford;
I'd be a Miſer too, nor give
An Alms to keep a God alive.
Oh ſmile not thus, my lovely Fair;
On theſe cold Looks, that lifeleſs Air,
Prize him whoſe Boſom glows with Fire,
With eager Love and ſoft Deſire.

'Tis true thy Charms, O powerful Maid,
To Life can bring the ſilent Shade;
Thou can'ſt ſurpaſs the Painter's Art,
And real Warmth and Flames impart,
But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever lov'd and lov'd but thee:
Then, Charmer, grant my fond Requeſt,
Say thou canſt love and make me bleſt.

Song for a Serenade.

To the Tune of *The Broom of* Cowden knows.

TEACH me, *Chloe*, how to prove
My boaſted Flame ſincere;
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
And hard to hide my Care.

SLEEP in vain diſplays her Charms,
To bribe my Soul to Reſt,
Vainly ſpreads her Silken Arms,
And courts me to her Breaſt.

WHERE can *Strephon* find Repoſe,
If *Chloe* is not there?
For ah! no Peace his Boſom knows,
When abſent from the Fair.

WHAT tho *Phebus* from on High
With-holds his chearful Ray;
Thine Eyes can well his Light ſupply,
And give me more than Day.

L.

Love

Love is the Cauſe of my Mourning.

BY a murmuring Stream a fair Shepherdeſs lay,
Be ſo kind, O ye Nymphs, I oftimes heard her ſay,
Tell *Strephon*, I dy, if he paſſes this Way,
And that Love is the Cauſe of my mourning.
Falſe Shepherds that tell me of Beauty and Charms,
You deceive me, for *Strephon*'s cold Heart never warms;
Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me dy in his Arms,
Oh Strephon *the Cauſe of my mourning.*
But firſt, ſaid ſhe, let me go
Down to the Shades below,
E'er ye let *Strephon* know,
That I have lov'd him ſo;
Then on my pale Cheek no Bluſhes will ſhow
That Love was the Cauſe of my mourning.

Hue

Her Eyes were ſcarce cloſed when
Strephon came by,
He thought ſhe'd been ſleeping, and ſoft-
ly drew nigh;
But finding her breathleſs, Oh Heavens,
did he cry,
Ah Chloris *the Cauſe of my mourning.*
Reſtore me my *Chloris*, ye Nymphs uſe
your Art,
They ſighing, reply'd, 'Twas yourſelf
ſhot the Dart
That wounded the tender young Shep-
herdeſs Heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris *with mourning.*
Ah then is *Chloris* dead,
Wounded by me! He ſaid,
I'll follow thee, chaſte Maid,
Down to the ſilent Shade:
Then on her cold Snowy Breaſt leaning
his Head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon *with mourning.*

To Mrs. A. H. *on ſeeing her at a Conſort.*

To the Tune of *The bonnieſt Laſs in a' the Warld.*

LOOK where my dear *Hamilla* ſmiles,
Hamilla! heavenly Charmer,
See how with all their Arts and Wiles
The *Loves* and *Graces* arm her.
A Bluſh dwells glowing on her Cheeks,
Fair Seats of youthful Pleaſures,
There Love in ſmiling Language ſpeaks,
There ſpreads his Roſy Treaſures.

O faireſt Maid, I own thy Pow'r,
I gaze, I ſigh and languiſh,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my Anguiſh.
But eaſe, O Charmer, eaſe my Care,
And let my Torments move thee;
As thou art faireſt of the Fair,
So I the deareſt love thee.

The bonny SCOT.

To the Tune of *The Boat-man.*

YE Gales that gently wave the Sea,
And pleaſe the canny Boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny *Scot*----Man.
In haly Bands
We join'd our Hands,
Yet may not this diſcover,
While Parents rate
A large Eſtate,
Before a faithfu' Lover.

BUT I loor chuſe in *Highland* Glens
To herd the Kid and Goat----Man,
E'er I cou'd for ſic little Ends
Refuſe my bonny *Scot*----Man.

Wad

Wae worth the Man
Wha firſt began
The baſe ungenerous Faſhion,
Frae greedy Views
Love's Art to uſe,
While Strangers to its Paſſion.

Frae foreign Fields, my lovely Youth,
Haſte to thy longing Laſſie,
Wha pants to preſs thy bawmy Mouth,
And in her Boſom hawſe thee.
Love gi'es the Word,
Then haſte on Board,
Fair Winds and tenty Boat-man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er
Frae yonder Shore,
My blyth, my bonny *Scot*----Man.

Scornfu' Nanſy.

To it's own Tune.

NANSY's to the *Green Wood* gone,
To hear the *Gowdſpink* chatring,
And *Willie* he has followed her,
To gain her Love by flat'ring:
But a' that he cou'd ſay or do,
She geck'd and ſcorned at him,
And ay when he began to woo,
She bad him mind wha gat him.

WHAT ails ye at my Dad, quoth he,
My Minny or my Aunty,
With Crowdy Mowdy they fed me,
Lang-Kail and Ranty Taunty:
With Bannocks of good Barly Meal,
Of thae there was right Plenty,
With chapped Stocks fou butter'd well,
And was not that right dainty.

ALTHO my Father was nae Laird,
'Tis Daffin to be vaunty.
He keepit ay a good Kail-yard,
A Ha' Houſe and a Pantrie:
A good blew Bonnet on his Head,
An Owrlay 'bout his Cragy,
And ay untill the Day he died,
He rade on good Shanks Nagy.

Now Wae and Wander on your Snout,
Wad ye hae bony *Nanſy*,
Wad ye campare ye'r ſell to me,
A Docken till a Tanſie?
I have a Wooer of my ain,
They ca' him ſouple *Sandy*,
And well I wat his bony Mou
Is ſweet like Sugar-Candy.

Wow *Nanſy*, What needs a' this Din?
Do I not ken this *Sandy*?
I'm ſure the Chief of a' his Kin
Was *Rab* the Beggar Randy:

His

His Minny *Meg* upo' her Back
  Bare baith him and his Billy;
Will ye compare a naſty Pack
  To me yout winſome *Willy*?

My Gutcher left a good braid Sword,
  Tho it be auld and ruſty,
Yet ye may tak it on my Word,
  It is baith ſtout and truſty;
And if I can but get it drawn,
  Which will be right uneaſy,
I ſhall lay baith my Lugs in Pawn,
  That he ſhall get a Heezy.

Then *Nanſy* turn'd her round about,
  And ſaid, did *Sandy* hear ye,
Ye wadna miſs to get a Clout,
  I ken he diſna fear ye:
Sae had ye'r Tongé and ſay nae mair,
  Set ſomewhere elſe your Fancy;
For as lang's *Sandy*'s to the fore
  Ye never ſhall get *Nanſy*.

Slighted Nanſy.

To the Tune of, *The Kirk wad let me be.*

'TIS I have ſeven braw new Gowns,
And ither ſeven better to mak,
And yet for a' my new Gowns
My Wooer has turn'd his Back.
Beſides I have ſeven Milk Ky,
And *Sandy* he has but three;
And yet for a' my good Ky,
The Ladie winna ha'e me.

My Dady's a Delver of Dikes,
My Mither can card and ſpin,
And I am a fine fodgel Laſs,
And the Siller comes linkin in:
The Siller comes linkin in,
And it is ſou fair to ſee,
And fifty Times wow! O wow!
What ails the Lads at me?

Whene'er our Bary does bark,
Then fall to the Door I ring
To ſee gin ony young Spark
Will light and venture but in:
But never a ane will come in,
Tho mony a ane gaes by,
Syne ſar ben the Houſe I rin;
And a weary Wight am I.

When I was at my firſt Pray'rs,
I pray'd but anes i' the Year,
I wiſh'd for a handſome young Lad,
And a Lad with muckle Gear.
When I was at my neiſt Pray'rs,
I pray'd but now and than,
I faſh'd na my Head about Gear,
If I get a handſome young Man.

Now when I'm at my laſt Pray'rs,
I pray on baith Night and Day,
And O! If a Beggar wad come,
With that ſame Beggar I'd gae.

Nor Snaw with Crimſon will I mix,
To ſpread upon my Laſſie's Cheeks,
And ſyne th' unmeaning Name prefix,
Mirinda, *Cloe* or *Phillis*:
I'll fetch nae Simile frae *Jove*,
My Height of Extaſy to prove,
Nor ſighing, --- thus --- preſent my Love,
With Roſes eek and Lillies.
I was ay telling you, &c.

But ſtay, --- I had amaiſt forgot
My Miſtreſs and my Sang to Boot,
And that's an unko Faut I wate:
But *Nanſy*, 'tis nae Matter.
Ye ſee I clink my Verſe wi' Rhime,
And ken ye, that atones the Crime,
Forby, how ſweet my Numbers chime,
And ſlide awa like Water.
I was ay telling you, &c.

Now

And O, And what'll come o' me?
And O, What'll I do?
That ſic a braw Laſſie as I
Shou'd die for a Wooer I true!

Lucky Nanſy

To the Tune of, *Dainty Davy.*

WHILE Fops in faſt *Italian* Verſe,
Ilk fair ane's Een and Breaſt rehearſe,
While Sangs abound and Scene is ſcarce,
Theſe Lines I have indited:
But neither Darts nor Arrows here,
Venus nor *Cupid* ſhall appear,
And yet with theſe fine Sounds I ſwear,
The Maidens are delited.

I was ay telling you,
Lucky Nanſy, *Lucky* Nanſy,
Auld Springs wad ding the New,
But ye wad never trow me.

NOR

Nor Snaw with Crimſon will I mix,
To ſpread upon my Laſſie's Cheeks,
And ſyne th' unmeaning Name prefix,
Mirinda, Chloe or *Phillis*:
I'll fetch nae Simile frae *Jove*,
My Height of Extaſy to prove,
Nor ſighing, --- thus --- preſent my Love,
With Roſes eek and Lillies.
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Ye ſee I clink my Verſe wi' Rhime,
And ken ye, that atones the Crime,
Forby, how ſweet my Numbers chime,
And ſlide awa like Water.
I was ay telling you, &c.

Now

Now ken, my reverend ſonſy Fair,
Thy runkled Cheeks and lyart Hair,
Thy haſt thair Een and hodling Air,
Are a' my Paſſion's Fewel.
Nae sky'ring Gowk, my Dear, can ſee
Or Love, or Grace, or Heaven in thee;
Yet thou haſt Charms enew for me,
Then ſmile and be na cruel.

Leeze me on thy Snawy Pow,
Lucky Nanſy, *Lucky* Nanſy,
Dryeſt Wood will eitheſt low,
And Nanſy *ſae will ye now.*

TROTH I have ſung the Sang to you,
Which ne'er anither Bard wad do;
Hear then my charitable Vow,
Dear venerable *Nanſy.*
But if the World my Paſſion wrang,
And ſay ye only live in Sang,
Ken I deſpiſe a ſlandring Tongue,
And ſing to pleaſe my Fancy.
Leeze me on thy. &c.

A

Scots Cantata.

The Tune after an *Italian* Manner.

Compos'd by

Signior LORENZO BOCCHI.

RECITATIVE.

BLATE *Jonny* faintly teld fair *Jean* his Mind,
Jeany took Pleaſure to deny him lang
He thought her Scorn came frae a Heart unkind,
Which gart him in Deſpair tune up this Sang.

AIR.

O bony Laſſie, ſince 'tis ſae,
That I'm deſpis'd by thee,
I hate to live; but O I'm wae,
And unko ſweer to die.

Dear

Dear *Jeany*, think what dowy Hours
I thole by your Diſdain;
Ah! ſhould a Breaſt ſae ſaft as yours
Contain a Heart of Stane.

RECITATIVE.

THESE tender Notes did a' her Pity move,
With melting Heart ſhe liſtned to the Boy;
O'ercome ſhe ſmil'd, and promis'd him her Love:
He in Return thus ſang his riſing Joy.

AIR.

HENCE frae my Breaſt, contentious Care,
Ye've tint the Power to pine,
My *Jeany*'s good, my *Jeany*'s fair,
And a' her Sweets are mine.
O ſpread thine Arms and gi'e me Fowth
Of dear enchanting Bliſs,
A Thouſand Joys around thy Mouth,
Gi'e Heaven with ilka kiſs.

The

The TOAST.

To the Tune of, *Saw ye my* PEGGY.

COME let's ha'e mair Wine in,
Bacchus hates Repining,
Venus loos na Dwining,
Let's be blyth and free.
Away with dull here t' ye, Sir,
Ye'r Miſtreſs ---- gi'es her,
We'll drink her Health wi' Pleaſure,
Wha's belov'd by thee.

THEN let ---- warm ye,
That's a Laſs can charm ye,
And to Joys alarm ye,
Sweet is ſhe to me.

Some

Some Angel ye wad ca' her,
And never wiſh ane brawer,
If ye bare-headed ſaw her,
Kiltet to the Knee.

---- a dainty Laſs is,
Come let's join our Glaſſes,
And refreſh our Hauſes,
With a Health to thee.
Let Coofs their Caſh be clinking,
Be Stateſmen tint in thinking,
While we with Love and Drinking,
Give our Cares the Lie.

N. B. *The firſt Blank to be ſupply'd with the Toaſter's Name, the two laſt with the Name of the Toaſt.*

Maggie's Tocher.

To its ain Tune.

THE Meal was dear ſhort ſyne,
We buckl'd us a' the gither;
And *Maggie* was in her Prime,
When *Willie* made Courtſhip till her,
Twa Piſtals charg'd begueſs,
To gie the courting Shot:
And ſyne came ben the Laſs,
Wi' Swats drawn frae the Butt.
He firſt ſpeer'd at the Guidman,
And ſyne at *Giles* the Mither,
An ye wad gi's a Bit Land,
Wee'd buckle us een the gither.

MY Daughter ye ſhall hae,
I'll gi' you her by the Hand;
But I'll part wi' my Wife be my Fae,
Or I part wi' my Land.

Your Tocher it ſall be good,
There's nane ſall hae its Maik,
The Laſs bound in her Snood,
And *Crummie* who kens her Stake;
With an auld Bedden o' Claiths,
Was left me be my Mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' Fleas,
Ye may cudle in them the gither.

Ye ſpeak right well, Guidman,
But ye maun mend your Hand,
And think o' Modeſty,
Gin ye'll not quat your Land:
We are but young, ye ken,
And now we're gawn the gither.
A Houſe is butt and benn,
And *Crummie* will want her Fother.
The Bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry, O their Mither!
We hae nouther Pot nor Pan,
But four bare Legs the gither.

YOUR Tocher's be good enough,
For that ye need na fear,
Twa good Stilts to the Pleugh,
And ye your ſell maun ſteer:
Ye ſhall hae twa good Pocks,
That anes were o' the Tweel,
The t'ane to had the Grots,
The ither to had the Meal.
With an auld Kiſt made o' Wands,
And that ſall be your Coffer,
Wi' aiken Woody Bands,
And that may had your Tocher.

CONSIDER well, Guidman,
We hae but borrow'd Gear,
The Horſe that I ride on,
Is *Sandy Wilſon*'s Mare:
The Sadle's nane o' my ain,
An thae's but borrow'd Boots,
An whan that I gae hame
I maun tak to my Coots.

The Cloak is *Geordy Watt's*,
That gars me look ſae crouſe;
Come fill us a Cogue of Swats,
We'll make na mair toom Ruſe.

I like you well, young Lad,
For telling me ſae plain,
I married when little I had
O' Gear that was my ain.
But ſin that Things are ſae,
The Bride ſhe maun come furth,
Tho a' the Gear ſhe'll ha'e,
It'll be but little worth.
A Bargain it maun be,
Fy cry on *Giles* the Mither:
Content am I, quo' ſhe,
E'en gar the Hiſſie come hither.
The Bride ſhe gade till her Bed,
The Bridegroom he came till her;
The Fidler crap in at the Fit,
An they cudl'd it a the gither.

A SONG.

To the Tune of, *Blink over the Burn ſweet* BETTIE.

LEAVE Kindred and Friends, ſweet *Betty*,
Leave Kindred and Friends, for me;
Aſſur'd, thy Servant is ſteddy
To Love, to Honour, and Thee.
The Gifts of Nature and Fortune,
May fly, by Chance, as they came;
They're Grounds the Deſtines ſport on,
But Virtue is ever the ſame.

ALTHO my Fancy were roving,
Thy Charms ſo heavenly appear,
That other Beauties diſproving,
I'd worſhip thine only, my Dear.
And ſhou'd Life's Sorrows embitter
The Pleaſure we promis'd our Loves,
To ſhare them, together, is fitter,
Than moan, aſſunder, like Doves.

Oh! were I but once ſo bleſſed,
To graſp my Love in my Arms!
By thee to be graſp'd! and kiſſed!
And live on thy Heaven of Charms!
I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,
Shou'd Fortune capricious prove;
Tho Death ſhou'd tear me to Pieces,
I'd die a Martyr to Love. M.

A SONG.

To the Tune of, *The bonny Gray-ey'd Morning.*

Celestial Muſes, tune your Lyres,
Grace all my Raptures with your Lays;
Charming, enchanting *Kate* inſpires,
In lofty Sounds her Beauties praiſe,
How undeſigning ſhe diſplays,
Such Scenes as raviſh with Delight;
Tho brighter than Meridian Rays,
They dazle not, but pleaſe the Sight.

Blind

BLIND God give this, this only Dart,
I neither will, nor can her harm,
I would but gently touch her Heart,
And try for once if that cou'd charm.
Go, *Venus*, uſe your fav'rite Wile,
As ſhe is beauteous, make her kind,
Let all your Graces round her ſmile,
And ſooth her till I Comfort find.

WHEN thus, by yielding, I'm o'erpaid,
And all my anxious Cares remov'd,
In moving Notes, I'll tell the Maid,
With what pure laſting Flames I lov'd.
Then ſhall alternate Life and Death,
My raviſh'd flutt'ring Soul poſſeſs,
The ſofteſt tend'reſt Things I'll breath,
Betwixt each am'rous fond Careſs.

O;

SONG.

To the Tune of *the Broom of* Cowden-knows.

SUBJECTED to the Pow'r of Love,
By *Nell*'s reſiſtleſs Charms,
The Fancy fix'd no more can rove,
Or fly Love's ſoft Alarms.

GAY *Damon* had the Skill to ſhun
All Traps by *Cupid* laid,
Until his Freedom was undone
By *Nell* the conquering Maid.

BUT who can ſtand the Force of Love,
When ſhe reſolves to kill?
Her ſparkling Eyes Love's Arrows prove,
And wound us with our Will.

O happy *Damon*, happy Fair,
What *Cupid* has begun,
May faithful *Hymen* take a Care
To ſee it fairly done.

SONG.

Tune of *Logan Water.*

Vitas hinnuleo me ſimilis, Chloe.

TELL me, *Hamilla*, tell me why
Thou doſt from him that loves thee run?
Why from his ſoft Embraces fly,
And all his kind Endearments ſhun?

So flies the *Fawn*, with Fear oppreſs'd,
Seeking its *Mother* ev'ry where,
It ſtarts at ev'ry empty Blaſt,
And trembles when no Danger's near.

AND yet I keep thee but in View,
To gaze the Glories of thy Face,
Not with a hateful Step purſue,
As Age to riſle every Grace.

CEASE then, dear Wildneſs, ceaſe to toy,
But haſte all Rivals to outſhine,
And grown mature, and ripe for Joy,
Leave *Mama*'s Arms and come to *mine.*

W.

A

A South-Sea Sang.

Tune of, *For our lang biding here.*

WHEN we came to *London* Town,
We dream'd of Gowd in Gowpings here,
And rantinly ran up and down,
In riſing Stocks to buy a Skair:
We daftly thought to row in Rowth,
But for our Daffine pay'd right dear;
The lave will fare the war in Trouth,
For our lang biding here.

BUT when we find our Purſes toom,
And dainty Stocks began to fa',
We hang our Lugs, and wi' a Gloom,
Girn'd at Stockjobbing ane and a'.
If ye gang near the *South-Sea* Houſe,
The Whillywha's will grip ye'r Gear,
Syne a' the lave will fare the war,
For our lang biding here.

Hap

Hap me with thy Petticoat.

O *BELL* thy Looks have kill'd my Heart,
I paſs the Day in Pain,
When Night returns I feel the Smart,
And wiſh for thee in vain.
I'm ſtarving cold, while thou art warm,
Have Pity and incline,
And grant me for a Hap that charming Petticoat of thine.

My raviſh'd Fancy in Amaze,
Still wanders o'er thy Charms,
Deluſive Dreams ten thouſand Ways,
Preſent thee to my Arms.
But waking think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Thoſe Pleaſures, which can only cure
This panting Breaſt of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Becauſe you ſtill deny
The juſt Reward that's due to Love,
And let true Paſſion die.
Oh! turn, and let Compaſſion ſeiſe
That lovely Breaſt of thine;
Thy Petticoat could give me Eaſe,
If thou and it were mine.

SURE Heaven has fitted for Delight
That beauteous Form of thine,
And thour't too good its Law to ſlight,
By hindring the Deſign.
May all the Powers of Love agree,
At length to make thee mine,
Or looſe my Chains, and ſet me free
From ev'ry Charm of thine.

Love inviting Reaſon.

A SONG to the Tune of,— *Chami ma chatle, ne duce skar mi.*

WHEN innocent Paſtime our Pleaſure did crown,
Upon a green Meadow, or under a Tree,
E'er *Annie* became a fine Lady in Town,
How lovely and loving and bony was ſhe,
Rouze up thy Reaſon, my beautiful *Annie*,
Let ne'er a new Whim ding thy Fancy ajee,
O! as thou art bony be faithful and canny,
And favour thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.

DOES the Death of a Lintwhite give *Annie* the Spleen?
Can tyning of Trifles be uneaſy to thee?
Can Lap-dogs and Monkies draw Tears frae theſe Een,
That look with Indifference on poor dying me?

Rouſe up thy Reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And dinna prefer a Paroquet to me,
O! as thou art bony, be prudent and canny,
And think on thy *Jamie*, wha doats upon thee.

AH! ſhou'd a new Manto or *Flanders* Lace Head,
Or yet a wee Cottie, tho never ſae fine,
Gar thee grow forgetfu' and let his Heart bleed,
That anes had ſome Hope of purchaſing thine.
Rouſe up thy Reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And dinna prefer ye'r Heegeries to me;
O! as thou art bony, be ſolid and canny,
And tent a true Lover that doats upon thee.

SHALL a *Paris* Edition of newfangle *Sany*,
Tho gilt o'er wi' Laces and Fringes he be,
By adoring himſelf, be admir'd by fair *Annie*,
And aim at theſe Benniſons promis'd to me.

Rouſe

Rouſe up thy Reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And never preſer a light Dancer to me;
O! as thou art bony, be conſtant and canny,
Love only thy *Jamie*, wha doats upon thee.

O! think, my dear Charmer, on ilka ſweet Hour,
That ſlade away ſaftly between thee and me,
E'er Squirrels or Beaus or Fopery had Power
To rival my Love and impoſe upon thee.
Rouſe up thy Reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And let thy Deſires be a' center'd in me,
O! as thou art bony, be faithfu' and canny,
And love him wha's langing to center in the.

The Bob of Dunblane.

LAssie, lend me your braw Hemp Heckle,
And I'll lend you my Thripling Kame;
For Fainness, Deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dunblane.*
Haſt ye, gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies,
Busk ye braw and dinna think Shame;
Conſider in Time, if leading of Monkies
Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dunblane.*

Be frank, my Laſſie, leſt I grow fickle,
And take my Word and Offer again,
Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,
Ye didna accept of the *Bob of Dunblane.*
The Dinner, the Piper and Prieſt ſhall be ready,
And I'm grown dowie with lying my lane,
Away then leave baith Minny and Dady,
And try with me the *Bob of Dunblane.*

SONG

SONG *complaining of Abſence.*

To the Tune of — *My Apron Deary.*

AH *Chloe!* thou Treaſure, thou Joy of my Breaſt,
Since I parted from thee I'm a Stranger to Reſt,
I fly to the Grove, there to languiſh and and mourn,
There ſigh for my Charmer, and long to return.
The Fields all around me are ſmiling and gay,
But they ſmile all in vain,—my *Chloe's* away;
The Field and the Grove can afford me no Eaſe,—
But bring me my *Chloe*, a Deſart will pleaſe.
No Virgin I ſee that my Boſom alarms,
I'm cold to the faireſt, tho glowing with Charms,
In vain they attack me, and ſparkle the Eye;
Theſe are not the Looks of my *Chloe*, I cry.

These Looks where bright Love like the
Sun sits enthron'd,
And smiling diffuses his Influence round,
'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my Charmer, amaz'd;
Thus gaz'd thee with Wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.

THEN, then the dear fair One was still in my Sight,
It was Pleasure all Day, it was Rapture all Night;
But now, by hard Fortune remov'd from my Fair,
In Secret I languish, a Prey to Despair.
But Absence and Torment abate not my Flame,
My *Chloe*'s still charming, my Passion the same;
O! would she preserve me a Place in her Breast,
Then Absence would please me, for I would be blest.

R.

SONG,

SONG.

To the Tune of, *I fixed my Fancy on her.*

BRIGHT *Cynthia*'s Power divinely grac'd
What Heart is not obeying?
A Thouſand *Cupids* on her wait,
And in her Eyes are playing.
She ſeems the Queen of Love to reign;
For ſhe alone diſpences,
Such Sweets as beſt can entertain
The Guſt of all the Senſes.

HER Face a charming Proſpect brings,
Her Breath gives balmy Bliſſes;
I hear an Angel when ſhe ſings,
And taſte of Heaven in Kiſſes.
Four Senſes thus ſhe feaſts with Joy,
From Nature's richeſt Treaſure:
Let me the other Senſe employ,
And I ſhall die with Pleaſure.

A SONG.

To the Tune of, *I lov'd a bonny Lady.*

TELL me, tell me, charming Creature,
Will you never eaſe my Pain?
Muſt I die for every Feature?
Muſt I always love in vain?
The Deſire of Admiration,
Is the Pleaſure you purſue;
Pray thee try a laſting Paſſion,
Such a Love as mine for you.

TEARS and ſighing could not move you;
For a Lover ought to dare:
When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you ſaid I went too far.
Are ſuch giddy Ways beſeeming,
Will my Dear be fickle ſtill?
Conqueſt is the Joy of Women,
Let their Slaves be what they will.

Your

YOUR Neglect with Torment fills me,
And my deſperate Thoughts encreaſe;
Pray conſider, if you kill me,
You will have a Lover leſs.

If your wand'ring Heart is beating
For new Lovers, let it be:
But when you have done coquetting,
Name a Day and fix on me.

The REPLY.

IN vain, fond Youth, thy Tears give o'er;
What more, alas! can *Flavia* do;
Thy Truth I own, thy Fate deplore:
All are not happy that are true.

Suppreſs thoſe Sighs, and weep no more;
Should Heaven and Earth with thee combine,
'Twere all in vain, ſince any Power,
To crown thy Love, muſt alter mine.

But if Revenge can eaſe thy Pain,
I'll ſooth the Ills I cannot cure,
Tell that I drag a hopeleſs Chain,
And all that I inflict, endure.

X. The

The Roſe in YARROW.

To the Tune of *Mary Scot.*

'TWAS Summer and the Day was fair,
Reſolv'd a while to fly from Care,
Beguiling Thought, forgetting Sorrow,
I wander'd o'er the Braes of *Yarrow*;
Till then deſpiſing Beauty's Power,
I kept my Heart, my own ſecure:
But *Cupid's* Art did there deceive me,
And *Mary's* Charms do now enſlave me.

WILL cruel Love no Bribe receive?
No Ranſom take for *Mary's* Slave;
Her Frowns of Reſt and Hope deprive me,
Her lovely Smiles like Light revive me.
No Bondage may with mine compare,
Since firſt I ſaw this charming Fair,
This beauteous Flower, this Roſe of *Yarrow*,
In Nature's Gardens has no Marrow.

HAD

HAD I of Heaven but one Requeſt,
I'd ask to ly in *Mary's* Breaſt;
There would I, like or die with Pleaſure,
Nor ſpare this World one Moment's Leiſure,
Deſpiſing Kings, and all that's great,
Whilſt at Courts and Courtier's Fate;
My Joy compleat on ſuch a Marrow,
I'd dwell with her and live on *Yarrow*.

BUT, tho' ſuch Bliſs I ne'er ſhould gain,
Contented ſtill I'll wear my Chain,
In hopes my faithfull Heart may move her;
For, leaving Life I'll always love her.
What Doubts diſtract a Lover's Mind?
That Breaſt all Softneſs muſt prove kind;
And ſhe ſhall yet become my Marrow,
The lovely beauteous Roſe of *Yarrow*.

C.

I pitied all beneath the Skies,
Even Kings when ſhe was nigh me;
In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

SHOU'D I be call'd where Cannons rore,
Where mortal Steel may wound me;
Or caſt upon ſome foreign Shore,
Where Dangers may ſurround me:
Yet Hopes again to ſee my Love,
To feaſt on glowing Kiſſes,
Shall make my Cares at Diſtance move,
In Proſpect of ſuch Bleſſes.

IN all my Soul, there's not one Place
To let a Rival enter;
Since ſhe excells in every Grace,
In her my Love ſhall center.
Sooner the Seas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their Waves the *Alps* ſhall cover,
On *Greenland* Ice ſhall Roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

THE next Time I go o'er the Moor,
She ſhall a Lover find me;
And that my Faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then *Hymen*'s ſacred Bonds ſhall chain
My Heart to her fair Boſom,
There, while my Being does remain,
My Love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

The Laſs of Peatie's *Mill.*

THE Laſs of *Peatie*'s Mill,
So bonny, blyth and gay,
In Spite of all my Skill,
Hath ſtole my Heart away.
When tedding of the Hay
Bare-headed on the Green,
Love 'midſt her Locks did play,
And wanton'd in her Een.

HER Arms white, round and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their Dawn,
To Age it wou'd give Youth,
To preſs 'em with his Hand.
Thro' all my Spirits ran
An Extaſy of Bliſs,
When I ſuch Sweetneſs fand
Wrapt in a balmy Kiſs.

WITHOUT the Help of Art,
Like Flowers which grace the Wild,
She did her Sweets impart,
When e'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her Looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected Pride,
She me to Love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my Bride.

O had I all that Wealth
Hoptoun's high Mountains fill,
Inſur'd long Life and Health,
And Pleaſures at my Will;

I'd

I'd promiſe and fulfill,
That none but bonny ſhe,
The Laſs of *Peatie's* Mill
Shou'd ſhare the ſame wi' me.

GRENSLEEVES.

YE watch'ful Guardians of the Fair,
Who skiff on Wings of ambient Air,
Of my dear *Delia* take a Care,
And repreſent her Lover
With all the Gayety of Youth,
With Honour, Juſtice, Love and Truth,
Till I return her Paſſions ſouth,
For me, in Whiſpers move her.

Be careful no baſe ſordid Slave,
With Soul ſunk in a golden Grave,
Who knows no Virtue but to ſave,
With glaring Gold bewitch her.

Tell her for me ſhe was deſign'd,
For me who know how to be kind,
And have more Plenty in my Mind,
Than one who's ten Times richer.

Let all the World turn upſide down,
And Fools run an eternal Round,
In Queſt of what can ne'er be found,
To pleaſe their vain Ambition.
Let little Minds great Charms eſpy
In Shadows which at Diſtance ly,
Whoſe hop'd for Pleaſures, when come nigh,
Prove nothing in Fruition.

But caſt into a Mold Divine,
Fair *Delia* does with Luſtre ſhine,
Her vittuous Soul's an ample Mine,
Which yields a conſtant Treaſure

The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

IN *April* when Primroſes paint the ſweet Plain,
And Summer approaching rejoiceth the Swain,
The *Yellow-hair'd Laddie* would often times go
To Wilds and deep Glens, where the Hawthorn-trees grow.

THERE under the Shade of an old ſacred Thorn,
With Freedom he ſung his Loves Ev'ning and Morn;

How joyfully my Spirits riſe,
When dancing ſhe moves finely---O.
I gueſs what Heav'n is by her Eyes,
Which ſparkle ſo divinely--O.
Attend my Vow, ye Gods, while I
Breath in the bleſt *Britannia*,
None's Happineſs I ſhall envy,
As long's ye grant me *Nanny--O.*

CHORUS.

My bonny, bonny Nanny--O,
My lovely charming Nanny--O,
I care not though the World know
How dearly I love Nanny--O.

Bonny

Bonny JEAN.

LOVE's Goddeſs in a Myrtle Grove
Said, *Cupid*, bend thy Bow with ſpeed,
Nor let the Shaft at Random rove,
For *Jeany*'s haughty Heart muſt bleed.
The ſmiling Boy, with divine Art,
From *Paphos* ſhot an Arrow keen,
Which flew unerring to the Heart,
And kill'd the Pride of bonny *Jean*.

No more the Nymph, with haughty Air,
Refuſes *Willie*'s kind Addreſs,
Her yielding Bluſhes ſhew no Care,
But too much Fondneſs to ſuppreſs.
No more the Youth is ſullen now,
But lookes the gayeſt on the Green,
Whilſt every Day he ſpies ſome new
Surprifing Charms in bonny *Jean*.

A Thouſand Tranſports crowd h
Breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting Wind,
His former Sorrows ſeem a Jeſt,
Now when his *Jeanie* is turn'd kind:
Riches he looks on with Diſdain,
The glorious Fields of War look mean;
The chearful Hound and Horn give Pain,
If abſent from his bonny *Jean*.

THE Day he ſpends in am'rous Gaze,
Which even in Summer ſhorten'd ſeems,
When ſunk in Downs with glad Amaze,
He wonders at her in his Dreams.
All Charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than *Troy*'s Prize the *Spartan* Queen,
With breaking Day he lifts his Sight,
And pants to be with bonny *Jean*.

Throw the Wood Laddie.

O *Sandy*, why leaves thou thy *Nelly* to mourn?
Thy Preſence cou'd eaſe me,
When naithing can pleaſe me.
Now dowie I figh on the Bank of the Burn,
Or throw the Wood, Laddie, until thou return.

THO Woods now are bonny, and Mornings are clear,
While Lav'rocks are ſinging,
And Primroſes ſpringing;
Yet nane of them pleaſes my Eye or my Ear;
When throw the Wood Laddie ye dinna appear.

THAT I am forſaken, ſome ſpare no to tell;
I'm faſh'd wi' their Scorning,
Baith Ev'ning and Morning;
Their Jeering gaes aft to my Heart wi' a Knell;
When throw the Wood, Laddie, I wander my ſell.

THEN ſtay, my dear *Sandy*, nae langer away,
But quick as an Arrow,
Haſt here to thy Marrow,
Wha's living in Langour till that happy Day;
When throw the Wood, Laddie, we'll dance, ſing, and play.

Down

Down the Burn Davie.

WHEN Trees did bud and Field, were green,
And Broom bloom'd fair to ſee;
When *Mary* was complete fifteen,
And Love laugh'd in her Eye,
Blyth *Davie's* Blinks her Heart did move
To ſpeak her Mind thus free,
Gang down the Burn Davie, *Love*,
And I ſhall follow thee.

Now *Davie* did each Lad ſurpaſs,
That dwelt on this Burnſide,
And *Mary* was the bonnieſt Laſs,
Juſt meet to be a Bride;

Her Cheeks were roſie, red and white,
Her Een were bonny blue;
Her Looks were like *Aurora* bright,
Her Lips like dropping Dew.

As down the Burn they took their Way,
What tender Tales they ſaid;
His Cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And with her Boſom play'd,
Till baith at length impatient grown,
To be mair fully bleſt,
In yonder Vale they lean'd them down;
Love only ſaw the reſt.

What paſs'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs Play,
And naething ſure unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard them ſay,
They lik'd a Wa'k ſae ſweet;
And that they aften ſhou'd return
Sic Pleaſure to renew.
Quoth *Mary*, Love, I like the Burn,
And ay ſhall follow you.

SONG.

To the Tune of Gilder Roy.

AH! *Cloris*, cou'd I now but ſit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your Infant Beauty cou'd beget,
No Happineſs nor Pain.
When I this Dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming Day,
I little thought that riſing Fire,
Wou'd take my Reſt away.

Your Charms in harmleſs Child-hood lay,
As Metals in a Mine.
Age from no Face takes more away,
Than Youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your Charms inſenſibly
To their Perfection preſt;
So Love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my Breaſt.

My Paſſion with your Beauty grew,
While *Cupid* at my Heart,
Still as his Mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming Dart.
Each gloried in their wanton Part;
To make a Lover, he
Employ'd the utmoſt of his Art——;
To make a Beauty, ſhe.

X.

A SONG.

To the Tune of, *The yellow hair'd Laddie.*

YE Shepherds and Nymphs that adorn the gay Plain,
Approach from your Sports, and attend to my Strain;
Amongſt all your Number, a Lover ſo true,
Was ne'er ſo undone, with ſuch Bleſs in his View.

Was ever a Nymph ſo hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me ſincere, and ſhe ſees how I pine,
She does not diſdain me, nor frown in her Wrath,
But calmly and mildly reſigns me to Death.

She calls me her Friend; but her Lover denies.
She ſmiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my Sighs:
A Boſom ſo flinty, ſo gentle an Air,
Inſpires me with Hope, and yet bids me deſpair!

I fall at her Feet, and implore her with Tears.
Her Anſwer confounds, while her Manner endears;
When ſoftly ſhe tells me to hope no Relief,
My trembling Lips bleſs her, in Spite of my Grief.

By Night while I ſlumber, ſtill haunted with Care,
I ſtart up in Anguiſh, and ſigh for the Fair,
The Fair ſleeps in Peace, may ſhe ever do ſo!
And only when dreaming imagine my Wo.

Then gaze at a Diſtance, nor farther aſpire,
Nor think ſhe ſhould love, whom ſhe cannot admire.
Huſh all thy Complaining, and dying her Slave,
Commend her to Heaven, and thy ſelf to the Grave.

By William Hamilton of Bangour.

SONG.

To the Tune of, *When ſhe cam'aben ſhe bobbed.*

COME, fill me a Bumper, my jolly brave Boys,
Lets have no more Female Impertinence and Noiſe;
For I've try'd the Endearments and Pleaſures of Love,
And I find they're but Nonſenſe and Whimſies, by *Jove.*

WHEN firſt of all *Betty* and I were acquaint,
I whin'd like a Fool, and ſhe ſigh'd like a Saint:
But I found her *Religion*, her *Face* and her *Love*,
Were *Hypocriſy*, *Paint*, and *Self-intereſt*, by *Jove.*

SWEET

SWEET *Cecil* came next, with her languishing Air,
Her *Outside* was orderly, modeſt and fair,
But her *Soul* was ſophiſticate, ſo was her *Love*,
For I found ſhe was only a *Strumpet*, by *Jove*.

LITTLE *double-gilt* Jenny's *Gold* charm'd me at laſt;
(You know *Marriage and Money together* does beſt)
But the *Baggage* forgetting her *Vows* and her *Love*,
Gave her Gold to a *ſniv'ling dull Coxcomb*, by *Jove*.

COME fill me a Bumper then, jolly brave Boys:
Here's a Farewell to Female Impert'nence and Noiſe;
I know few of the Sex that are worthy my Love;
And for *Strumpets* and *Jilts*, I abhor them, by *Jove*.

L.
Dum-

Dumbarton's *Drums*.

DUMBARTON's Drums beat bonny O.
When they mind me of my dear *Jonny*---O,
How happy am I,
When my Soldier is by,
While he kiſſes and bleſſes his *Annie*---O.
'Tis a Soldier alone can delight me---O;
For his graceful Looks do invite me---O:
While guarded in his Arms,
I'll fear no Wars Alarms,
Neither Danger nor Death ſhall e're fright me---O.

My Love is a handſome Laddie---O;
Genſile, but ne're foppiſh nor gaudy---O;
Tho' Commiſſions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this Year;
For he ſhall ſerve no longer a Cadie---O.

A Soldier has Honour and Bravery--O,
Unacquainted with Rogues and thei
Knav'ry---O;
He minds no other Thing,
But the Ladies or the King;
For every other Care is but Slavery--O

THEN I'll be the Captain's Lady---O,
Farewell all my Friends, and my Daddy--O,
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the Drum,
And when e're that beats, I'll be ready--O.
Dumbarton's Drums ſound bonny---O,
They are ſprightly like my Dear *Jonny*---O,
How happy ſhall I be,
When on my Soldier's Knee,
And he kiſſes and bleſſes his *Annie*--O.

C.

Auld lang ſyne.

SHOULD auld Acquaintance be forgot,
Tho they return with Scars?
Theſe are the noble HERO's Lot,
Obtain'd in glorious Wars:
Welcome, my VARO, to my Breaſt,
Thy Arms about me twine,
And make me once again as bleſt,
As I was lang ſyne.

METHINKS around us on each Bough,
A Thouſand *Cupids* play,
Whilſt thro' the Groves I walk with you,
Each Object makes me gay:
Since your Return the Sun and Moon
With brighter Beams do ſhine,
Streams murmure ſoft Notes while they run,
As they did lang ſyne.

DESPISE the Court and Din of State;
Let that to their Share fall,
Who can eſteem ſuch Slav'ry great,
While bounded like a Ball;
But ſunk in Love, upon my Arms
Let your brave Head recline,
We'll pleaſe our ſelves with mutual Charms,
As we did lang ſyne.

O'ER Moor and Dale, with your gay Friend,
You may purſue the Chaſe,
And, after a blyth Bottle, end
All Cares in my Embrace:
And in a vacant rainy Day
You ſhall be wholly mine;
We'll make the Hours run ſmooth away,
And laugh at lang ſyne.

THE HEROE pleas'd with the ſweet Air
And Signs of gen'rous Love,
Which had been utter'd by the FAIR,
Bow'd to the POW'RS above;

Next

Next Day with Conſent and glad Haſte
Th' approach'd the ſacred Shrine,
Where the good Prieſt the Couple bleſt
And put them out of Pine.

The Laſs of *Livingſton.*

PAIN'D with her ſlighting JAMIE's Love,
BELL dropt a Tear,—BELL dropt a Tear,
The Gods deſcended from above,
Well pleaſ'd to hear,—Well pleaſ'd to hear.
They heard the Praiſes of the Youth
From her own Tongue,—From her own Tongue,
Who now converted was to Truth,
And thus ſhe ſung,—And thus ſhe ſung.

BLEST Days when our ingen'ous Sex,
More frank and kind,------More frank and
kind,
Did not their lov'd Adorers vex,
But ſpoke their Mind, ---- But ſpoke their
Mind,
Repenting now ſhe promis'd fair,
Wou'd he return,----Wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,
Or cauſe him mourn, ----- Or cauſe him
mourn.

WHY lov'd I the deſerving SWAIN,
Yet ſtill thought Shame, --- Yet ſtill
thought Shame,
When he my yielding Heart did gain,
To own my Flame, --- To own my Flame?
Why took I Pleaſure to torment,
And ſeem too coy,---And ſeem too coy?
Which makes me now alas lament
My ſlighted Joy, --- My ſlighted Joy.

YE fair, while Beauty's in its Spring,
Own your Deſire, --- Own your Deſire,
While Love's young Power with his ſoft
Wing
Fa'ns up the Fire, ---- Fa'ns up the Fire.
O do not with a ſilly Pride,
Or low Deſign, --- Or low Deſign,
Refuſe to be a happy Bride,
But anſwer plain, --- But anſwer plain.

THUS the fair Mourner wail'd her
Crime,
With flowing Eyes, --- With flowing Eyes,
Glad JAMIE heard her all the Time,
With ſweet Surpriſe, --- With ſweet
Surpriſe.
Some God had led him to the Grove,
His Mind unchang'd, --- His Mind un-
chang'd;
Flew to her Arms, and cry'd, My Love,
I am reveng'd! --- I am reveng'd!

Peggy, *I muſt love thee.*

AS from a Rock paſt all Relief,
The ſhipwrackt COLIN ſpying
His native Soil, o'ercome with Grief,
Half-ſunk in Waves and dying;
With the next Morning Sun he ſpies
A Ship, which gives unhop'd Surpriſe;
New Life ſprings up, he lifts his Eyes
With Joy, and waits her Motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was and deſerted,
Low with Deſpair my Spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droopt I, till diviner Grace
I found in PEGGY's Mind and Face,
Ingratitude appear'd then baſe,
But Virtue more engaging.

Then

THEN now ſince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying,
Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,
We loſe our ſelves in ſtaying;
I'll haſte dull Courtſhip to a Cloſe,
Since Marriage can my Fears oppoſe,
Why ſhould we happy Minutes loſe,
Since, *Peggy*, I muſt love thee?

MEN may be fooliſh if they pleaſe,
And deem't a Lover's Duty,
To ſigh, and ſacrifice their Eaſe,
Doating on a proud Beauty:
Such was my Caſe for many a Year,
Still Hope ſucceeding to my Fear,
Falſe *Betty*'s Charms now diſappear,
Since *Peggy*'s far outſhine them.

Beſſy Bell *and* Mary Gray.

O *Beſſy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
They are twa bonny Laſſes,
They bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn-brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' Raſhes.
Fair *Beſſy Bell* I loo'd Yeſtreen,
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter;
But *Mary Gray*'s twa pawky Een,
They gar my Fancy falter.

Now *Beſſy*'s Hair's like a Lint Tap,
She ſmiles like a *May* Morning,
When *Phœbus* ſtarts frae *Thetis*' Lap,
The Hills with Rays adorning:
White is her Neck, ſaft is her Hand,
Her Waſte and Feet's fow genty,
Wi' ilka Grace ſhe can command,
Her Lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And

AND *Mary's* Locks are like a Craw,
Her Eyes like Diamonds glances,
She's ay ſa clean, red-up and braw,
She kills when e'er ſhe dances:
Blyth as a Kid, with Wit at Will,
She bloomin g tight and tall is;
And guides her Airs ſae graceful' ſtill,
O *Jove!* ſhe's like thy *Pallas.*

DEAR *Beſſy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
Ye unco' fair oppreſs us:
Our Fancies jee between you twa,
Ye are ſic bonny Laſſes:
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by Law we're ſtented;
Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
And be with ane contented.

I'll

I'll never leave thee.

JONNY.

THo' for ſeven Years and mair Honour ſhou'd reave me,
To Fie'ds where Cannons raire, thou need na grieve thee,
For deep in my Spirit thy Sweets are indented,
And Love ſhall preſerve ay what Love has imprinted.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the Warld as it will, Deareſt, believe me.

NELLY.

O *Jonny*, I'm jealous when e'er ye diſcover
My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a looſe Rover;

And

And nought i'the Warld wa'd vex my
Heart ſairer,
If you prove unconſtant, and fancy an
fairer:
Grieve me, grieve me, Oh it wad grieve me!
A'the lang Night and Day, if you deceive
me.

JONNY.

My *Nelly*, let never ſic Fancies oppreſs ye,
For while my Blood's warm I'll kindly
careſs ye;
Your blooming ſaft Beauties firſt beeted
Love's Fire,
Your Virtue and Wit make it ay flame
the higher.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the Warld as it will, Deareſt, be-
lieve me.

NELLY.

THEN, *Jonny*, I frankly this Minute
allow ye
To think me your Miſtreſs, for Love gars
me trew ye, And

And gin ye prove fa'ſe, to ye'r ſell be it ſaid then,
Ye'll win but ſma' Honour to wrang a kind Maiden:
Reave me, reave me, Heavens! It wad reave me
Of my Reſt Night and Day, if ye deceive me.

JONNY.

BID Iceſhogles hammer red Gauds on the Studdy,
And fair Simmer Mornings nae mair appear ruddy,
Bid *Britons* think ae Gate, and when they obey ye,
But never till that Time, believe I'll betray ye:
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The Starns ſhall gang witherſhins e'er I deceive thee.

THE

My Deary, if thou die.

LOVE never more ſhall give me Pain,
My Fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever Maid my Heart ſhall gain,
My *Peggy*, if thou die.
Thy Beauties did ſuch Pleaſure give,
Thy Lov's ſo true to me:
Without thee I ſhall never live,
My Deary, if thou die.

If Fate ſhall tear thee from my Breaſt,
How ſhall I lonely ſtray?
In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waſte,
In Sighs the ſilent Day.
I ne'er can ſo much Virtue find,
Nor ſuch Perfection ſee;
Then I'll renounce all Woman-kind,
My *Peggy*, after thee.

No new blown Beauty fires my Heart,
With *Cupid*'s raving Rage,
But thine which can ſuch Sweets impart,
Muſt all the World engage.
'Twas this that like the Morning-Sun
Gave Joy and Life to me,
And when its deſtin'd Day is done,
With *Peggy* let me die.

YE Powers that ſmile on virtuous Love,
And in ſuch Pleaſure ſhare;
You who its faithful Flames approve,
With Pity view the Fair.
Reſtore my *Peggy*'s wonted Charms,
Thoſe Charms ſo dear to me:
Oh! never rob them from thoſe Arms;
I'm loſt, if *Peggy* die.

C.

My Jo Janet.

SWEET Sir, for your Courteſie,
When ye came by the *Baſs* then.
For the Love ye bear to me,
Buy me a Keeking-glaſs then.
Keek into the Draw-well
Janet, Janet,
And there ye'll ſee ye'r bonny ſell,
My Jo Janet.

KEEKING in the Draw-well clear
What if I ſhou'd fa' in,
Syn a' my Kin will ſay and ſwear
I drown'd my ſell for Sin.
Ha'd the better be the Brae,
Janet, Janet,
Ha'd the better be the Brae,
My Jo Janet.

GOOD Sir, for your Courteſie,
Coming through *Aberdeen* then,
For the Love ye bear to me
Buy me a Pair of Shoon then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
Ae Pair may gain ye haff a Year,
My Jo Janet.

BUT what if dancing on the Green,
And skipping like a Mawking,
If they ſhou'd ſee my clouted Shoon,
Of me they will be tauking.
Dance ay laigh and late as E'en,
Janet, Janet;
Syne a' their Faults will no be ſeen,
My Jo Janet.

KIND

KIND Sir, for your Courteſie,
When ye gae to the Croſs then,
For the Love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing Horſe then.
Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,
Janet, Janet;
Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,
My Jo Janet.

MY Spinning-wheel is auld and ſtiff,
The Rock o't winna ſtand, Sir,
To keep the Temper-pin in tiff
Employs aft my Hand, Sir;
Make the beſt o't that ye can,
Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a Man,
My Jo Janet.

SONG

SONG.

To the Tune of, John Anderſon my Jo.

WHAT means this Niceneſs now of late,
Since Time that Truth does prove;
Such Diſtance may conſiſt with State,
But never will with Love.
'Tis either Cunning or Diſdain
That does ſuch Ways allow;
The firſt is baſe, the laſt is vain:
May neither happen you.

FOR if it be to draw me on,
You over-act your Part;
And if it be to have me gone,
You need not half that Art:
For if you chance a Look to caſt,
That ſeems to be a Frown,
I'll give you all the Love that's paſt,
The reſt ſhall be my own.

Anſt

Auld Rob Moris.

MITHER.

AULD *Rob Moris* that wins in yon Glen,
He's the King of good Fellows, and
Wale of auld Men,
Has fourſcore of black Sheep, and four-
ſcore too;
Auld *Rob Moris* is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

HA'D your Tongue Mither, and let that abee,
For his Eild and my Eild can never agree:
They'll never agree, and that will be ſeen;
For he is Fourſcore, and I'm but Fifteen.

MITHER.

HA'D your Tongue, Dougter, and lay
by your Pride,
For he's be the Bridegroom, and ye's be
the Bride;
He ſhall ly by your Side, and kiſs ye too,
Auld *Rob Moris* is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

AULD *Rob Moris* I ken him fou weel,
His A---it ſticks out like ony Peet-Creel,
He's out-ſhin'd,in-kneed and ringle-eyd too;
Auld *Rob Moris* is the Man I'll ne'er loo.

MITHER.

THO' auld *Rob Moris* be an elderly Man,
Yet his auld Braſs it will buy a new Pan;
Then, Doughter, ye ſhoudna be ſae ill to ſhoo,
For auld *Rob Moris* is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

BUT auld *Rob Moris* I never will hae,
His Back is ſae ſtiff, and his Beard is grown gray:
I had titter die than live wi' him a Year;
Sae mair of *Rob Moris* I never will hear.

Q.

SONG.

SONG.

To the Tune of, Come kiſs with me, come clap with me, *&c.*

PEGGY.

MY *Jocky* blyth for what thou haſt done,
There is nae help nor mending;
For thou haſt jog'd me out of Tune,
For a' thy fair pretending.
My Mither ſees a Change on me,
For my Complexion daſhes,
And this, alas! has been with thee
Sae late amang the Raſhes.

JOCKY.

JOCKY.

My *Peggy*, what I've ſaid I'll do,
To free thee frae her Scouling;
Come then and let us buckle to,
Nae langer let's be fooling:
For her Content I'll inſtant wed,
Since thy Complexion daſhes;
And then we'll try a Feather-bed,
'Tis ſafter than the Raſhes.

PEGGY.

THEN *Jocky* ſince thy Luv's ſae true,
Let Mither ſcoul, I'm eaſy:
Sae langs I live I ne'r ſhall rue
For what I've done to pleaſe thee,
And there's my Hand I's ne'er complain.
O! wells me on the Raſhes;
When e'er thou likes I'll do't again,
And a Feg for a' their Claſhes.

Z.

SONG.

SONG.

To the Tune of Rothes's Lament; *or,* Pinky-Houſe.

AS *Silvia* in a Forreſt lay
To vent her Woe alone;
Her Swain *Sylvander* came that Way,
And heard her dying Moan.
Ah! is my Love (ſhe ſaid) to you
So worthleſs and ſo vain:
Why is your wonted Fondneſs now
Converted to Diſdain?

You vow'd the Light ſhou'd Darkneſs turn
E'er you'd exchange your Love;
In Shades now may Creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.
Was it for this I Credit gave
To every Oath you ſwore?
But ah! it ſeems they moſt deceive,
Who moſt our Charms adore.

'Tis

'Tis plain your Diſt was all Deceit,
The Practice of Mankind:
Alas! I ſee it but too late,
My Love hath made me blind.
For you, delighted I could die:
But Oh! with Grief I'm fill'd
To think that credulous conſtant I
Should by your ſelf be kill'd.

This ſaid, ---- all breathleſs, ſick and pale,
Her Head upon her Hand,
She found her vital Spirits fail,
And Senſes at a Stand.
Sylvander then began to melt:
But e're the Word was given
The heavy Hand of Death ſhe felt,
And ſigh'd her Soul to Heaven.

M.

The Young Laird and Edinburgh Katy.

NOw wat ye wha I met Yeſtreen,
Coming down the Street, my Jo,
My Miſtreſs in her Tartan Screen,
Fow bonny, braw aud ſweet, my Jo?
My Dear, quoth I, Thanks to the Night
That never wiſht a Lover ill,
Since ye're out of your Mither's Sight,
Let's tak a Wauk up to the Hill.

O *Katty*, wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dinſome Town a while,
The Bloſſom's ſprouting frae the Tree,
And a' the Summer's gawn to ſmile;

The Mavis, Nightingale and Lark,
The bleeting Lambs and whiſtling Hynd,
In ilka Dale, Green, Shaw and Park,
Will nouriſh Health and glad y'er Mind.

SOON as the clear Goodman of Day
Bends his Morning Draught of Dew,
We'll gae to ſome Burnſide and play,
And gather Flowers to buſk ye'r Brow,
We'll pou the Daiſies on the Green,
The luchen Gowans frae the Bog;
Between Hands now and then we'll lean,
And ſport upo' the Velvet Fog.

THERE's up into a pleaſant Glen,
A wee Piece frae my Father's Tower,
A canny, ſaft and flowry Den,
Which circling Birks have form'd a Bower:
When e'er the Sun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauller Shade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine Arm,
And love and kiſs, and kiſs and love.

KATY's

KATY's *Answer*.

MY Mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho' she did tise fame before me,
I canna get Leave,
To look to my Loove,
Or else she'll be like to devour me.
RIGHT fain wad I take ye'r Offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my Tocher,
Then, *Sandy*, yell fret,
And wyte y'er poor *Kate*,
When e'er ye keek in your toom Coffer.
FOR tho' my Father has Plenty
Of Siller and Plenishing dainty,
Yet he's unco sweer
To twin wi' his Gear,
And see we had need to be tenty.
TUTOR my Parents wi' Caution,
Be wylie in ilka Motion,
Brag well o' ye'r Land,
And there's my leal Hand,
Win them, I'll be at your Devotion.

MARY SCOT.

HAPPY's the Love which meets Return,
When in ſoft Flames Souls equal burn;
But Words are wanting to diſcover
The Torments of a hopeleſs Lover.
Ye Regiſters of Heav'n, relate,
If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate,
Did you there ſee me mark'd to marrow,
Mary Scot, the Flower of *Yarrow*.

AH no! her Form's too heavenly fair,
Her Love the Gods above muſt ſhare,
While Mortals with Deſpair explore her,
And at a Diſtance due adore her.
O lovely Maid, my Doubts beguile!
Revive and bleſs me with a Smile,
Alas if not, you'll ſoon debar a
Sighing Swain the Banks of *Yarrow*.

Be hush, ye Fears. I'll not deſpair,
My *Mary*'s tender as ſhe's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine Anguiſh,
She is too good to let me languiſh;
With Succeſs crown'd, I'll not envy
The Folks who dwell above the Sky,
When *Mary Scot*'s become my Marrow,
We'll make a Paradice on *Yarrow*.

O'er BOGIE.

I *Will awa' wi' my Love,*
I will awa' wi' her,
Tho' a' my Kin had ſworn and ſaid,
I'll o'er Bogie *wi' her.*
If I can get but her Conſent,
I dinna care a Strae,
Tho ilka ane be diſcontent,
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa', &c.

For now ſhe's Miſtreſs of my Heart,
And wordy of my Hand,
And well I wat we ſhanna' part
For Siller or for Land.
Let Rakes delyte to ſwear and drink,
And Beaus admire fine Lace,
But my chief Pleaſure is to blink
On *Betty*'s bonny Face.
I will awa' &c.

There a' the Beauties do combine,
Of Colour, Treats and Air,
The Saul that ſparkles in her Een
Makes her a Jewel rare;
Her flowing Wit gives ſhining Life
To a' her other Charms,
How bleſt I'll be when ſhe's my Wife,
And lockt up in my Arms.
I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and ſing,
While over her Sweets I range,
I'll cry, Your humble Servant, King,
Shamefa' them that wa'd change:

A

A Kiſs of *Betty* and a Smile,
Abeet ye wad lay down,
The Right ye ha'e to *Britain*'s Iſle,
And offer me ye'r Crown.
I will awa', &c.

O'er the Moor to MAGGY.

AND I'll o'er the Moor to *Maggy*,
Her Wit and Sweetneſs call me,
Then to my Fair I'll ſhow my Mind,
Whatever may befall me.
If ſhe love Mirth, I'll learn to ſing,
Or likes the Nine to follow.
I'll lay my Lugs in *Pindus* Spring,
And invocate *Apollo*.

If ſhe admire a martial Mind,
I'll ſheath my Limbs in Armour;
If to the ſofter Dance inclin'd,
With gayeſt Airs I'll charm her;
If ſhe love Grandeur, Day and Night
I'll plot my Nation's Glory,
Find Favour in my Prince's Sight,
And ſhine in future Story.

Beauty can Wonders work with Eaſe,
Where Wit is correſponding,
And braveſt Men know beſt to pleaſe,
With Complaiſance abounding.
My bonny *Maggy's* Love can turn
Me to what Shape ſhe pleaſes,
If in her Breaſt that Flame ſhall burn,
Which in my Boſom blazes.

Pol-

Polwart *on the* GREEN.

AT Polwart *on the Green*
If you'll meet me the Morn,
Where Laſſes do conveen
To dance about the Thorn,
A kindly Welcome you ſhall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A Lover and a Lad complete,
The Lad and Lover you.

LET dorty Dames ſay *Na*,
As lang as e'er they pleaſe,
Seem caulder than the Sna',
While inwardly they bleez;
But I will frankly ſhaw my Mind,
And yield my Heart to thee;
Be ever to the Captive kind,
That langs na to be free.

AT

AT *Pelwart* on the Green,
Amang the new mawn Hay,
With Sangs and Dancing keen
We'll paſs the heartſome Day.
At Night if Beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou ſhalt be welcome, my dear Lad,
To take a Part of mine.

John Hay's *Bonny Laſſie.*

BY ſmooth winding *Tay* a Swain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! Maun I ſtill live pining
My ſell thus away, and darna diſcover
To my bonny *Hay* that I am her Lover?

NAE

NAE mair it will hide, the Flame waxes ſtranger,
If ſhe's not my Bride, my Days are nae langer;
Then I'll take a Heart, and try at a Venture,
May be, e'er we part, my Vows may content her.

SHE's freſh as the Spring, and ſweet as *Aurora*,
When Birds mount and ſing, bidding Day a Good-morrow.
The Sward of the Mead, enamel'd with Daiſies,
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her Graces.

BUT if ſhe appear, where Verdures invite her,
The Fountains run clear, and Flowers ſmell the ſweeter:

'Tis

'Tis Heaven to be by, when her Wit is a
flowing,
Her Smiles and bright Eye ſet my Spirits
a glowing.

THE mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm
wounded,
Struck dumb with Amaze, my Mind is
confounded:
I'm all in a Fire, dear Maid, to careſs ye,
For a' my Deſire is *HAY*'s bonny Laſſie.

Katha-

Katharine Ogie.

AS walking forth to view the Plain,
Upon a Morning early,
While *May*'s ſweet Scent did chear my Brain,
From Flowers which grow ſo rarely;
I chanc'd to meet a pretty Maid,
She ſhin'd tho' it was fogie:
I ask'd her Name; ſweet Sir, ſhe ſaid,
My Name is *Katharine Ogie.*

I ſtood a while, and did admire,
To ſee a Nymph ſo ſtately;
So brisk an Air there did appear
In a Country-Maid ſo neatly;

Such natural Sweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd,
Like a Lillie in a Bogie;
Diana's ſelf was ne'er array'd
Like this ſame *Katharine Ogie*.

THOU Flower of Females, Beauty's Queen,
Who ſees thee ſure muſt prize thee;
Tho' thou art dreſt in Robes but mean,
Yet theſe cannot diſguiſe thee;
Thy handſome Air, and graceful Look
Far excells any clowniſh Rogie;
Thou'rt Match for Laird, or Lord or Duke,
My charming *Katharine Ogie*.

O were I but ſome Shepherd-Swain,
To feed my Flock beſide thee,
At Boughting-time to leave the Plain,
In milking to abide thee,
I'd think my ſelf a hapier Man,
With *Kate*, my Club, and Dogie,
Than he that hugs his Thouſands ten,
Had I but *Katharine Ogie*.

THEN I'd deſpiſe the Imperial Throne
And Stateſmen's dangerous Stations;
I'd be no King, I'd wear no Crown,
I'd ſmile at conquering Nations;
Might I carreſs, and ſtill poſſeſs,
This Laſs of whom I'm vogie;
For theſe are Toys, and ſtill look leſs,
Compar'd with *Katharine Ogie.*

BUT I fear the Gods have not decree'd
For me ſo fine a Creature,
Whoſe Beauty rare makes her exceed
All other Works in Nature.
Clouds of Deſpair ſurround my Love,
That are both dark and fogie.
Pity my Caſe, ye Powers above,
Elſe I die for *Katharine Ogie.*

X.

Ann thou were my ain Thing.

OF Race divine thou needs muſt be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
For Heaven's Sake, Oh! favour me,
Who only lives to love thee.
Ann thou were my ain Thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee,
Ann thou were my ain Thing,
How dearly would I love thee!

THE Gods one Thing peculiar have,
To ruine none whom they can ſave;
O! for their Sake ſupport a Slave,
Who only lives to love thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

To Merit I no Claim can make,
But that I love, and for your Sake,
What Man can name, I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

My Paſſion, conſtant as the Sun,
Flames ſtronger ſtill, will ne'er have done
Till Fates my Threed of Life have ſpun,
Which breathing out, I'll love thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

X.

Like Bees that ſuck the Morning Dew,
Frae Flowers of ſweeteſt Scent and Hew,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy Mou,
And gar the Gods envy me.
Ann thou were, &c.

Sae lang's I had the Uſe of Light,
I'd on thy Beauties feaſt my Sight,
Syn in ſaft Whiſpers through the Night,
I'd tell how much I lo'd thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my *Jean*,
She moves a Goddeſs o'er the Green:
Were I a King, thou ſhou'd be Queen,
Nane but my ſell aboon thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

I'd graſp thee to this Breaſt of mine,
Whilſt thou, like Ivy or the Vine,
Arround my ſtronger Limbs ſhou'd twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

Time's on the Wing, and will not ſtay,
In ſhining Youth, let's make our Hay,
Sinte Love admits of nae Delay,
O let nae Scorn undo thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

WHILE Love does at his Altar ſtand,
Hae there's my Heart, gi'e me thy Hand,
And, with ilk Smile, thou ſhalt command
The Will of him wha loves thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

MY ſweeteſt *May*, let Love incline thee
T' accept a Heart which he deſigns thee;
And, as your conſtant Slave, regard it,
Syne for its Faithfulneſs reward it;
'Tis Proof-a-ſhot to Birth or Money,
But yields to what is ſweet and bonny;
Receive it then with a Kiſs and a Smily,
There's my Thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How

How tempting ſweet theſe Lips of thine are,
Thy Boſom white, and Legs ſa fine are,
That when in Pools I ſee thee clean 'em,
They carry away my Heart between 'em;
I wiſh, and I wiſh, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a Mountain,
Tho' Kith and Kin and a' ſhou'd revile thee,
There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

ALANE through flow'ry Hows I dander,
Tenting my Flocks, leſt they ſhou'd wander,
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear Laſſie, it is but Daffin
To had thy Woer up ay niff naffin.
That Na, na, na, I hate it moſt vilely,
O ſay, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

For the Love of JEAN.

JOCKY ſaid to *Jeany*, *Jeany*, wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quo' *Jeany*, for my Tochergood,
For my Tochergood I winna marry thee.
Eens ye like, quo' *Jonny*, ye may let it be.

I ha' Gowd and Gear, I ha' Land enough,
I ha' ſeven good Owſen ganging in a Pleugh,
Ganging in a Pleugh, and linking o'er the Lee;
And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

I ha'a good Ha'Houſe, a Barn and a Byer,
A Stack afore the Door, I'll make a rantin Fire;
I'll make a rantin Fire, and merry ſhall we be;
And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

Jeany ſaid to *Jocky*, gin ye winna tell,
Ye ſhall be the Lad, I'll be the Laſs my ſell;
Ye're a bonny Lad, and I'm a Laſſie free,
Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.

Z.

SONG.

SONG.

To the Tune of, PEGGY, *I muſt love thee.*

BENEATH a Beech's graceful Shade,
Young *Colin* lay complaining;
He ſigh'd, and ſeem'd to love a Maid,
Without Hopes of obtaining;
For thus the Swain indulg'd his Grief,
Tho' Pity cannot move thee,
Tho' thy hard Heart gives no Relief,
Yet, *Peggy*, I muſt love thee.

SAY, *Peggy*, what has *Colin* done,
That thus you cruelly uſe him?
If Love's a Fault, 'tis that alone,
For which you ſhould excuſe him:

'Twas

'Twas thy dear ſelf firſt rais'd this Flame,
This Fire by which I languiſh;
'Tis thou alone can quench the ſame,
And cool its ſcorching Anguiſh.

For thee I leave the ſportive Plain,
Where every Maid invites me;
For thee, ſole Cauſe of all my Pain,
For thee that only ſlights me;
This Love that fires my faithful Heart
By all but thee's commended.
Oh! wouldſt thou act ſo good a Part,
My Grief might ſoon be ended.

THAT beauteous Breaſt ſo ſoft to feel,
Seem'd Tenderneſs all over,
Yet it defends thy Heart like Steel,
'Gainſt thy deſpairing Lover.
Alas! tho' it ſhould ne'er relent,
Nor *Colin*'s Care e're move thee,
Yet till Life's lateſt Breath is ſpent,
My *Peggy*, I muſt love thee.

Genty TIBBY, *and ſonſy* NELLY.

To the Tune of *Tibby Fowler in the Glen.*

TIBBY has a Storē of Charms,
Her genty Shape our Fancy warms,
How ſtrangely can her ſma white Arms
Fetter the Lad, wha looks but at her?
Frae 'er Ancle to her ſlender Waiſte,
Theſe Sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her,
Her roſie Cheek and riſing Breaſt,
Gar ane's Mouth guſh bowt fou' o' Water.

NELLY's gawſy, ſaft and gay,
Freſh as the lucken Flowers in *May*,
Ilk ane that ſees her, cries *Ah hey!*
She's bonny, O I wonder at her!

The Dimples of her Chin and Cheek,
And Limbs ſae plump, invite to dawt her,
Her Lips ſae ſweet, and Skin ſae fleek,
Gar mony Mouths beſide mine water.

Now ſtrike my Finger in a Bore,
My Wyſon with the Maiden ſhore,
Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
When theſe twa Stars appear thegither.
O Love! why deſt thou gi'e thy Fires
Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither?
Our ſpacious Sauls Immenſe deſires,
And ay be in a hankerin Swither.

TIBBY's Shape and Airs are fine,
And *Nelly*'s Beauties are Divine;
But ſince they canna baith be mine,
Ye Gods give Ear to my Petition,
Provide a good Lad for the tane,
But let it be with this Proviſion,
I get the other to my lane,
In Proſpect *plano* and Fruition.

Up in the AIR.

NOw the Sun's gane out o' Sight,
Beet the Ingle, and ſnuff the Light:
In Glens the Fairies ſkip and dance,
And Witches wallop o'er to *France*,
Up in the Air
On my bonny grey Mare,
And I ſee her yet, and I ſee her yet,
Up in, &c.

THE Wind's drifting Hail and Sna',
O'er frozen Hags like a Foot-Ba',
Nae Starns keek through the Azure Slit,
'Tis cauld and mirk as ony Pit.
The Man i'the Moon
Is carowſing aboon,
D'ye ſee, d'ye ſee, d'ye ſee him yet.
The Man, &c.

TAKE your Glaſs to clear your Een,
'Tis the Elixir heals the Spleen,
Baith Wit and Mirth it will inſpire,
And gently puffs the Lover's Fire.
Up in the Air,
It drives away Care,
Ha'e wi'ye, ha'e wi'ye, and ha'e wi'ye
Lads yet,
Up in, &c.

STEER the Doors, keep out the Froſt,
Come, *Willie*, gi'es about ye'er Toſt;
Til't Lads, and lilt it out,
And let us hae a blythſome Bout.
Up wi't there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair,
Huzza, Huzza, and Huzza Lads yet,
Up wi't, &c.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

GIN ye meet a bonny Laſſie,
Gie 'er a Kiſs and let her gae,
But if ye meet a dirty Huſſy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

BE ſure ye dinna quat the Grip
Of ilka Joy, when ye are young,
Before auld Age your Vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a Rung.

SWEET Youth's a blyth and hartſome Time,
Then, Lads and Laſſes, while 'tis *May*,
Gae pu' the Gowan in its Prime,
Before it wither and decay.

WATCH the ſaft Minutes of Delyte,
When *Jenny* ſpeaks beneath her Breath,
And kiſſes, laying a' the Wyte
On you, if ſhe kepp ony Skaith.

HAITH ye're ill bred, ſhe'll ſmiling ſay,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy Rooks;
Syne frae your Arms ſhe'll rin away,
And hide her ſelf in ſome dark Nook.

HER Laugh will lead you to the Place,
Where lies the Happineſs ye want,
And plainly tell you to your Face,
Nineteen Na-ſays are haff a Grant.

NOW to her heaving Boſom cling,
And ſweetly toolie for a Kiſs,
Frae her fair Finger whoop a Ring,
As Taiken of a future Bleſs.

THESE Benniſons, I'm very ſure,
Are of the Gods indulgent Grant;
Then, ſurly Carles, whiſht, forbear
To plague us with your whinning Cant.

PATIE

PATIE *and* PEGGIE.

PATIE.

BY the delicious Warmneſs of thy Mouth,
And rowing Eye, which ſmiling tells the Truth,
I gueſs, my Laſſie, that, as well as I,
You're made for Love, and why ſhould ye deny.

PEGGIE.

But ken ye, Lad, gin we confeſs o'er ſoon,
Ye think us cheap, and ſyne the Wooing's done:
The Maiden that o'er quickly tines her Pow'r,
Like unripe Fruit, will taſte but hard and ſowr.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,
Their Sweetneſs they may tine, and ſae may ye:

Red cheek'd you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd, and woo'd a lang half Year.

PEGGIE.

THEN dinna pu' me; gently thus I ſa'
Into my *Patie*'s Arms for good and a':
But ſtint your Wiſhes to this frank Embrace,
And mint nae farrer till we've got the Grace.

PATIE.

O charming Armsfou! Hence ye Cares away,
I'll kiſs my Treaſure a' the live lang Day;
A' Night I'll dream my Kiſſes o'er again,
Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

Sun, gallop down the Weſtlin Skyes,
Gang ſoon to Bed, and quickly riſe,
O laſh ye'r Steeds, paſs Time away,
And haſte about our Bridel Day;
And if ye're weary'd, honeſt Light,
Sleep gin ye like a Week that Night.

The

The Mill, Mill, ----O.

BEneath a green Shade I fand a fair Maid
Was ſleeping ſound and ſtill — O,
A'lowan wi' Love my Fancy did rove,
Around her with good Will — O,
Her Boſom I preſs'd, but ſunk in her Reſt
She ſtir'dna my Joy to ſpill — O:
While kindly ſhe ſlept, cloſe to her I crept,
And kiſs'd, and kiſs'd her my fill — O.

Oblig'd by Command in *Flanders* to land,
T'employ my Courage and Skill — O;
Frae'er quietly I ſtaw, hoiſt Sails and awa',
For Wind blew fair on the Bill — O.
Twa Years brought me hame, where loud fraiſing Fame
Tald me with a Voice right ſhill — O,
My Laſs like a Fool had mounted the Stool,
Nor kend wha'd done her the Ill — O.

Mair

Mary fund of her Charms, with my Son
in her Arms,
I ferlying ſpeer'd how ſhe fell --- O;
Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth ſhe, Let
me die,
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell --- O.
Love gave the Command, I took her by
the Hand,
And bade her a' Fears expell --- O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the Man
Wha had done her the Deed my ſell --- O.

My bonny ſweet Laſs on the gowany
Graſs,
Beneath the *Shilling hill* --- O,
If I did Offence, I'ſe make ye Amends
Before I leave *Peggy's-Mill* --- O.
O the Mill, Mill --- O, and the Kill, Kill --- O,
And the cogging of the Wheel --- O;
The Sack and the Sieve, a' thae ye maun
leave,
And round with a Sodger reel --- O.

Colin

Colin *and* Grisy *parting.*

To the Tune of, *Woe's my Heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

WITH broken Words and down-caſt Eyes,
Poor *Colin* ſpoke his Paſſion tender;
And parting with his *Griſy*, cries,
Ah! woe's my Heart that we ſhould ſunder.

To others I am cold as Snow,
But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder;
From thee with Pain I'm forc'd to go,
It breaks my Heart that we ſhould ſunder.

CHAIN'D to thy Charms I cannot range,
No Beauty new my Love ſhall hinder,
Nor Time nor Place ſhall ever change
My Vows, tho' we're oblig'd to ſunder.

THE

THE Image of thy graceful Air,
And Beauties which invites our Wonder;
Thy lively Wit and Prudence rare
Shall ſtill be preſent, tho' we ſunder.

DEAR Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder;
Then ſeal a Promiſe with a Kiſs,
Always to love me, tho' we ſunder.

YE Gods, take Care of my dear *Laïs*,
That as I leave her I may find her:
When that bleſt Time ſhall come to paſs
We'll meet again and never ſunder.

The Gaberlunzie-man.

THE pauky auld Carle came o'er the Lee
Wi' many good E'ens and Days to me,
Saying, Goodwife, for your Courtesie,
Will ye lodge a silly poor Man.
The Night was cauld, the Carle was wat,
And down ayont the Ingle he sat;
My Daughter's Shoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang;

O wow, quo' he, were I as free,
As first when I saw this Country,
How blyth and merry wad I be?
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld Minny ken
What thir slee twa togither were say'n,
When wooing they were sa thrang.

And O, quo' he, ann ye were as black,
As e'er the Crown of my Dady's Hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my Back,
And awa wi' me thou shou'd gang.
And O, quoth she, ann I were as white,
As e'er the Snaw lay on the Dike,
I'd clead me braw, and Lady-like,
And awa with thee I'd gang.

Beaween the twa was made a Plot;
They raise a wee before the Cock,
And wyfiely they shot the Lock,
And fast to the Bent are they gane.
Up the Morn the auld Wife raise,
And at her Leasure put on her Claise,
Syne to the Servants Bed she gaes
To speer for the filly poor Man.

She gaed to the Bed, where the Beggar lay,
The Strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her Hands, cry'd, Waladay,
For some of our Gear will be gane.

Some

Some ran to Coffers, and ſome to Kiſts,
But nought was ſtown that cou'd be miſt,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praiſe be bleſt,
I have lodg'd a leel poor Man.

SINCE naithing's awa, as we can learn,
The Kirn's to kirn, and Milk to earn,
Gae butt the Houſe, Laſs, & waken my Bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The Servant gade where the Daughter lay
The Sheets was cauld, ſhe was away,
And faſt to her Goodwife can ſay,
She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haſt ye find theſe Traitors again;
For ſhe's be burnt, and he's be ſlain
The wearyfou Gaberlunzie man.
Some rade upo' Horſe, ſome ran a fit,
The Wife was wood, and out o'er Wit;
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd ſhe ſit,
But ay ſhe curs'd and ſhe ban'd.

MEAN Time far hind out o'er the Lee,
Fou fang in a Glen where nane cou'd see,
The twa with kindly Sport and Glee,
Cut frae a new Cheese a Whang,
The Priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his Aith.
Quo' she, to leave thee, I will be laith,
My winsome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my Minny I were wi' you,
Illfardly wad she crook her Mou,
Sic a poor Man she'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-man.
My Dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha' na learn'd the Beggars Tougue,
To follow me frae Town to Town,
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' Kauk and Keel, I'll win your Bread,
And Spindles & Whorles for them wha need,
While is a gentle Trade indeed
To carry the Gaberlunzie . . . o.

I'll

I'll bow my Leg and crook my Knee,
And draw a black Clout o'er my Eye,
A Criple or Blind they will ca' me,
While we ſhall be merry and ſing.

I.

The CORDIAL.

To the Tune of, *Where ſhall our Good-man ly.*

HE.

WHERE wad bonny *Ann* ly,
Alane nae mair ye maun ly;
Wad ye a Good-man try?
Is that the Thing ye're laking?

SHE.

CAN a Laſs ſae young as I,
Venture on the Bridal Tye,
Syne down with a Good-man ly?
I'm fleed he keep me waking.

HE.

Never judge until ye try,
Mak me your Goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to ly,
And sleep till ye be weary.

SHE.

What if I shou'd waking ly
When the Hobbys are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My Dear, I'm faint and ity?

HE.

In my Bosom thou shall ly,
When thou wakrife art or dry,
Healthy Cordial standing by,
Shall presently revive thee.

SHE.

To your Will I then comply,
Just as Priest, and let me try
How I'll wil a Goodman ly,
What can a Cordial give me.

Ew Boughts Marion.

WILL ye go to the Ew Boughs, *Marion*,
And wear in the Sheep wi' me;
The Sun ſhines ſweet, my *Marion*;
But nae half ſae ſweet as thee.

O *Marion*'s a bony Laſs,
And the Blyth blinks in her Eye,
And fain wad I marry *Marion*,
Gin *Marion* wad marry me.

THERE's Gowd in your Garters, *Marion*,
And Silk on your white Hauſs-bane:
You fain wad I kiſs my *Marion*
At E'en when I come hame.

There's braw Lads in *Earnſlaw*, *Marion*,
Wha gape, and glowr with their Eye,
At Kirk when they ſee my *Marion*;
But nane of them loes like me.

I've

I've nine Milk Ews, my *Marion*,
A Cow, and a brawny Quey,
I'll gi' them a' to my *Marion*,
Juſt on her Bridal Day;
And ye's get a green Sey Apron,
And Waſtcoat o' the *London* Brown,
And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
When e'r ye gang to the Town.

I'm young and ſtout, my *Marion*,
Nane dances like me on the Green,
And gin ye forſake me, *Marion*,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' *Jean*;
Sae put on your Pearlins, Marion,
And Cyrtle o' the Cramaſie:
And ſoon as my Chin has nae Hair on,
I ſhall come weſt and ſee ye.

Q

The blythſome Bridal.

FY let us a' to the Bridal,
For there will be Lilting there;
For Jocky's to be married to *Maggie*,
The Laſs we' the Gowden Hair.
And there will be Lang-kail and Pottage
And Bannocks of Barley-meal;
And there will be good ſawt Herring,
To reliſh a Cog of good Ale.
Fy let us a' to the Bridal, &c.

AND there will be *Sandy* the Suror,
And *Will* wi' the meikle Mou;
And there will be *Tam* the Blutter,
With *Andrew* the Tinkler, I trow;
And there will be bow'd legged *Robbie*,
With thumbleſs *Katie's* Goodman;
And there will be blew cheeked *Dowbie*,
And *Lawrie* the Laird of the Land.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Sow-libber *Patie*
And plucky-fac't *Wat* i' the Mill,
Capper nos'd *Francie*, and *Gibbie*,
That wins in the How of the Hill;
And there will be *Alaſter Sibbie*,
Wha in with black *Beſſy* did mool,
With ſnivelling *Lilly* and *Tibby*,
The Laſs that ſtands aft on the Stool.
Fy let us, &c.

And *Madge* that was buckled to *Steenie*,
And coft him gray Breeks to his Arſe,
Wha after was hangit for ſtealing,
Great Mercy it hap'ned nae warſe;
And there will be gleed *Geordy Fanners*
And *Kirſh* with the Lilly white Leg,
Wha gade to the South for Manners
And bang'd up her Wame in *Mons-Meg*.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be *Judeth Mclowrie*,
And blinkin daft *Barbara Mcleg*,
Wi' Flea-lugged, ſhanny fac't *Laurie*,
And ſhangy mou'd halucket *Meg*;

And

And there will be Happer-ars'd *Nanſie*,
And fairy-face *Nowrie* by Name,
Muck *Madie*, and fat hippit *Griſy*,
The Laſs wi' the Gowden Wame.
Fy let us, &c.

Awa there will be *Girn-again-Gibby*,
With his gliddie Wife *Jenny Bell*,
And Miſle-ſhinn'd *Mungo M'Capie*,
The Lad that was Skipper himſel.
There Lads and Laſſes in Pearlings
Will feaſt in the Meart of the Hay
On Sybows, and Riſarts, and Carlings
That are baith ſodden and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Padges and Brachen,
With Founs of good Gabbocks of Skate,
Powſowdie, and Drammock and Crowdie,
And caller Nowt-feet in a Plate;
And there will be Partans and Buckies,
And Whytens and Speldings enew,
With ſinged Sheep-heads, and a Haggies,
And Scadlips to ſup till ye ſpew.
Fy let us, &c.

AND there will be lapper'd Milk Kebbucks,
And Sowens, and Farles, and Baps,
With Swats, and well ſcraped Paunches,
And Brandy in Stoups and in Caps;
And there will be Meal-kail and Caſtocks
With Skink to ſup till ye rive,
And Roaſts to roaſt on a Brander,
Of Flowks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.

SCRAPT Haddocks, Wilks, Dulſe and Tangle,
And a Mill of good Sniſhing to prie;
When weary with Eating and Drinking,
Well riſe up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the Bridal,
For there will be Lilting there,
For Jocky's *to be married to* Maggie,
The Laſs wi' the gowden Hair.

Z.

The Highland Laddie.

THE Lawland Lads think they are fine,
But O they'r vain and idly gaudy!
How much unlike that graceful Mein,
And manly Looks of my Highland Laddie?
O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,
My handſome charming Highland Laddie:
May Heaven ſtill guard, and Love reward
Our Lawland Laſs and her Highland Laddie.

IF I were free at Will to chuſe
To be the weakhieſt Lawland Lady,
I'd take young *Donald* without Trews,
With Bonnet blew and belted Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

THE braweſt Beau in Borrows-Town,
In a' his Airs, with Art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a Clown;
He's finer far in's Tartan Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'ER benty Hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland Kin and Dady.
Frae Winter's Cauld and Summer's Sun,
He'll ſcreen me with his Highland Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted Room and Silken Bed,
May pleaſe a Lawland Laird and Lady;
But I can kiſs and be as glad
Behind a Buſh in's Highland Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

FEW Compliments between us paſs,
I ca' him my dear Highland Laddie,
And he ca's me his Lawland Laſs;
Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy.
O my bonny &c.

NAE greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his Love prove true and ſteady

ALLAN-WATER.

Or, *My Love Annie's very bonny.*

WHAT Numbers ſhall the Muſe repeate?
What Verſe be found to praiſe my *Annie*?
On her ten thouſand Graces wait,
Each Swain admires, and owns ſhe's bonny.
Since firſt ſhe trode the happy Plain,
She ſet each youthful Heart on Fire,
Each Nymph does to her Swain complain,
That *Annie* kindles new Deſire.

THIS lovely Darling dearest Care;
This new Delight, this charming *Annie*,
Like Summer's Dawn, ſhe's freſh and fair,
When *Flora*'s fragrant Breezes fan ye.
All Day the am'rous Youths conveen,
Joyous they ſport and play before her;
All Night, when ſhe no more is ſeen,
In bleſsful Dreams they ſtill adore her.

Among the Crowd *Amyntor* came,
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to *Annie*;
His rising Sighs expreſs his Flame,
His Words were few, his Wiſhes many.
With Smiles the lovely Maid replied,
Kind Shepherd why ſhould I deceive ye?
Alas! your Love muſt be deny'd,
This deſtin'd Breaſt can ne'er relieve ye.

Young *Damon* came, with *Cupid's* Art,
His Wiles, his Smiles, his Charms beguiling,
He ſtole away my Virgin-Heart,
Ceaſe, poor *Amyntor*, ceaſe bewailing.
Some brighter Beauty you may find,
Our wonder Plain the Nymphs are many,
Some chaſte Kone Heart that's unconfin'd,
And ſerve to Damon his own *Annie*.

C.

The Collier's bonny Laſſie.

THE Collier has a Daughter,
And O ſhe's wonder bonny,
A Laird he was that ſought her,
Rich baith in Land and Money;
The Tutors watch'd the Motion
Of this young honeſt Lover,
But Love is like the Ocean:
Wha can its Depth diſcover?

HE had the Art to pleaſe ye,
And was by a' reſpected;
His Airs ſat round him eaſy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The Collier's bonny Laſſie
Fair as the new blown Lillie,
Ay ſweet, and never ſaucy,
Stung'd the Heart of *Willy*.

He lov'd beyond Expreſſion,
The Charms that were about her,
And panted for Poſſeſſion,
His Life was dull without her.
After mature reſolving,
Cloſs to his Breaſt he held her,
In ſafeſt Flames diſſolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her.

My bonny Collier's Daughter,
Let naething diſcompoſe ye,
'Tis no your ſcanty Tocher
Shall ever gar me loſe ye;
For I have Gear in Plenty,
And Love ſays, 'tis my Duty
To ware what Heaven has lent me,
Upon your Wit and Beauty.

Where

Where HELEN lies.

TO——in Mourning.

AH why theſe Tears in *Nellie*'s Eyes,
To hear thy tender Sighs and Cries,
The Gods ſtand liſt'ning from the Skies
Pleas'd with thy Piety.
To mourn the Dead, dear Nymph, forbear,
And of one dying take a Care,
Who views thee as an Angel fair,
Or ſome Divinity.

O be leſs graceful or more kind,
And cool this Fever of my Mind,
Cauſed by the Boy ſevere and blind,
Wounded I ſigh for thee;

While hardly dare I hope to riſe
To ſuch a Height by *Hymen*'s Tyes,
To lay me down where *Helen* lyes
And with thy Charms be free.

THEN muſt I hide my Love and die,
When ſuch a ſovereign Cure is by?
No, ſhe can love, and I'll go try,
Whate're my Fate may be,
Which ſoon I'll read in her bright Eyes,
With thoſe dear Agents I'll adviſe, (Lies,
They tell the Truth, when Tongues tell
The leaſt believ'd by me.

CON-

SONG.

To the Tune of *Gallowſhiels.*

AH the Shepherd's mournful Fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languiſh,
To bear the ſcornful fair one's Hate,
Nor dare diſcloſe his Anguiſh.
Yet eager Looks, and dying Sighs,
My ſecret Soul diſcovers;
While Rapture trembling thro' my Eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender Glance, the redning Cheek,
O'erſpread with riſing Bluſhes,
A thouſand various Ways they ſpeak
A thouſand various Wiſhes.

For

For Oh! that Form ſo heavenly fair,
Thoſe languid Eyes ſo ſweetly ſmiling,
That artleſs Bluſh and modeſt Air,
So fatally beguiling.
Thy every Look, and every Grace,
So charm when e'er I view thee,
Till Death o'ertake me in the Chace,
Still will my Hopes purſue thee;
Then when my tedious Hours are paſt,
Be this laſt Bleſſing given,
Low at thy Foot to breath my laſt,
And die in Sight of Heaven.

To Wm Hamilton of Bangour.

CON-

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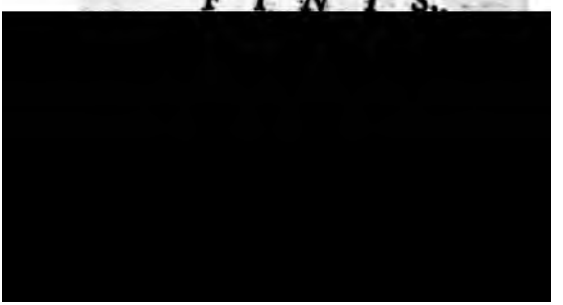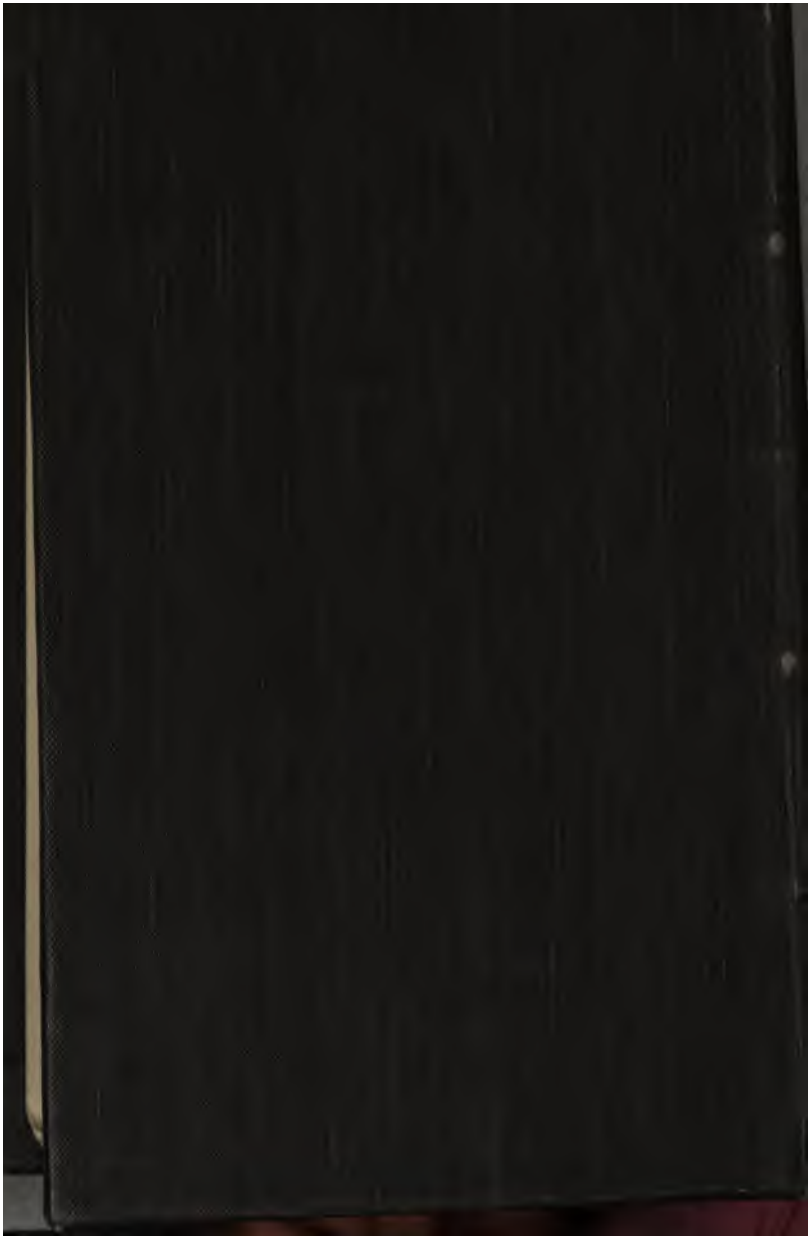
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